

THE **STYLE INSURRECTION** OF 2011  
26 PAGES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE (OR NOT. UP TO YOU.)

# Esquire

AT HIS BEST SEPTEMBER 2011

**WELCOME TO THE**  
**RYAN**  
**GOSLING**

**FREAK SHOW**

THIS COVER WAS  
HIS IDEA. BOTH OF HIM  
PAGE 128

TEN YEARS LATER

**WORLD**  
**TRADE CENTER**

IS AN  
**INSPIRATION**  
**THE REBUILDING**

PART 7  
BY SCOTT RAAB

**A**  
**WOMAN**  
**WE REALLY**  
**LOVE**  
PAGE 162

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0 9>



# J12 CHROMATIC

## CHANEL

Made in Switzerlnd, is a watch with a scratch-resistant sapphire crystal.  
Its unique color and shine are obtained by the addition of diamonds to ceramic and followed by a special polishing.  
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GIORGIO ARMANI



DOLCE & GABBANA

A man in a dark, heavy coat stands in profile, looking towards the right. He is positioned in front of a dark, textured wall, possibly a door or a large panel. To his left, a portion of a classical architectural column is visible. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his coat and the texture of the wall.

prada.com

PRADA

Teloy Magazine  
New York, May 2011

in 1994, the first collection  
of the brand was  
designed for men  
and women.



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Ermenegildo Zegna





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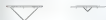
jcpenny

## HOW TO OPEN A BOTTLE WITH A NAPKIN

1. FOLD A NAPKIN IN HALF. ANY NAPKIN WILL DO.



2. PINCH THE MIDDLE AS YOU ROLL IT REAL TIGHT.



3. NOW FOLD ENDS OVER. PINCH FOLD TO MAKE SURE IT'S FIRM.



4. GRAB BOTTLE. HOLD FOLD BENEATH CAP. USE BOTTLE HAND AS SUPPORT.

CASUALLY ACCEPT PRAISE.



Chesterfield suit  
\$179.99

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WE KNOW GUYS DON'T LIKE ADS FOR CLOTHING. SO, IN EXCHANGE FOR LOOKING AT THIS SUIT, WE'LL HOOK YOU UP WITH A LITTLE TRICK THAT WILL IMPRESS JUST ABOUT ANYBODY THAT WAY **EVERYBODY WINS.**



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WE MAKE STYLE AFFORDABLE.  
YOU MAKE IT YOURS.

NEW LOOK. NEW DAY. WHO KNEW?  
jcp.com

IN WAR,  
IS IT WHO'S RIGHT  
OR WHO'S LEFT?  
-KENNETH COLE

WHERE DO YOU STAND.COM

WEAR  
NOT  
WARI

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, HAVE YOU DONE OR SAID ENOUGH? HAVE YOU JUST GONE ALONG FOR THE RIDE,  
OR HAVE YOU STEERED DESTINY'S HOT ROD? WHEN YOU LEAVE THIS WORLD,  
DID YOU MAKE IT ANY BETTER THAN IT WAS WHEN YOU ARRIVED?  
ALL YOU NEED IS ALL YOU'VE GOT: YOUR WITS AND THE CLOTHES ON YOUR BACK,  
YOUR EPITAPH IS YOURS TO EARN, YOUR LEGACY IS YOURS TO MAKE.

GO FORTH

# DESIGNED TO INTRIGUE

Peer deep into the inner workings of a Bulova mechanical and you'll find something amazing – a watch without batteries or electricity, powered by the energy of a coiled spring and kept in motion by a complex, self-winding system preactivated by your body's natural movement. The result is a design that's as beautiful inside as it is outside.



MECHANICAL  
COLLECTION

## BULOVA

1884 1975

AVAILABLE AT ZALES AND ZALES.COM

DESIGNED TO BE NOTICED



BRUNELLO CUCINELLI





BRUNELLO CUCINELLI



BRUNELLO CUCINELLI

PROMOTION

GET THE LOWDOWN

AND THE DOWNLOAD

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BEST MAGAZINE APP FOR ANDROID  
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Esquire.com



Smart



iPad



iPhone

C'EST FAÇONNABLE.

Façonnable  
c'est en-core



Soho BOWERY EAST HAMPTON THE FORUM SHOPS AT CAESARS LV HARD ROCK HOTEL & CASINO, LV  
LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO COSTA MESA MALIBU

The Room: New York, NY  
Photographed by Danny Clinch, 2011

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ravazzolo.com

PROMOTION

— BY INVITATION ONLY —



11. In 1998, Madison Park & Esquire's 3rd Annual Kentucky Derby Party was held at the Grand Hyatt Hotel in New York City. The event was a success, with many guests attending and enjoying the night. The event was a success, with many guests attending and enjoying the night.

#### ELEVEN MADISON PARK & ESQUIRE'S 3RD ANNUAL KENTUCKY DERBY CELEBRATION

Eleven Madison Park Executive Chef David Munton and Esquire Editor in Chief David Goggin hosted the 3rd Annual Kentucky Derby Party at the Grand Hyatt Hotel in New York City on Saturday May 2, 2001.

More than 400 hot and over-the-hill racing guests gathered for "the greatest two minutes in sports." The event featured live coverage of the spectacular race at Churchill Downs, Maker's Mark mint juleps, champagne cocktails, Southern-inspired cuisine prepared by Chef Munton, a cigar lounge by Sam Sherron and an incredible lineup of bluegrass music that kept reviewers on their feet through the event.

Guests were also invited to experience the 2001 Equus Horse Hospital—who donated \$25 to New York Horse Rescue for every guest who ate in the new luxury vehicle. All silent-auction proceeds were also donated to New York Horse Rescue (www.nyhr.org), whose mission is to prevent the inhumane treatment of injured, abused and unwanted horses.

EVENT PARTNERS



EQUUS



# IT'S JUST YOU

*and all the blurry things.*



\*EPA estimated 28-MPG highway with automatic transmission, 2000 lbs.

The new 312-horsepower, 28-MPG-hwy Camaro Convertible is here. Chevy Runs Deep.





LIVE A LIFE THAT

WOULD

**MAKE YOU  
JEALOUS.**

HILTON HHONORS™ TRANSFORMS YOUR POINTS  
INTO MEMORIES YOU CAN'T HELP BUT SHARE.

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Home  
Collection

Canopy  
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Embassy  
by Hilton

Home  
Collection

Home  
Collection

Hilton  
Grand Vacations

HILTON  
HHONORS







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**MAD MEN**  
COLLECTION

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The store can be updated on the new season's style of Mad Men

*Esquire*  
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SEPTEMBER 2011

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At the App Store

CANALI

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SEPT  
2011

BEFORE WE

# BEGIN

Essential information for this issue and your month

THIS MONTH'S  
LISTS

## WOMEN WE FIND FUNNY\*

JOAN RIVERS  
GAIL COLLINS  
NORA EPHRON  
WANDA SYKES  
MELISSA MCCARTHY  
KATE MCCUCCI  
KELLY OXFORD  
SAMANTHA BEE  
MINOY KALING  
SUSIE ESSMAN  
JEN KIRKMAN  
MARIA BAMFORD

\*Not an comprehensive

WOMEN WHO  
ARE MORE CUTE  
THAN FUNNY,  
ALTHOUGH IT'S  
STILL SWEET  
WHEN THEY TRY



LUCY COLLINS (P. 70)

UNLIKELY PLACES  
PEOPLE CAN GET  
ESTIMATED



THINGS YOU'LL  
KNOW HOW  
TO DO AFTER  
READING  
THIS ISSUE



WOLD A KNOFF

DRESS YOUR  
SELF UP FOR  
MORE FALL  
TRENDS—OVER  
SWEET LL LOVE—  
GO TO ESQUIRE  
COM/FALL-  
TRENDS2011

SCRAMBLER  
FOODS

BAUTE TV



MAKE A  
SPICE RUB

WARM BUTTER

IDENTIFY  
JAPANESE  
GAMERS

WIFE-SWAP

WATCH THE  
SOUND OF AN  
AUDI TTAS  
(SEE iPad APP)

## Portuguese Phrases WORTH LEARNING

For a lot of  
people, you don't  
know I don't like  
the food, please!

Grate and o  
make potatoes  
delicious!  
Where is the  
nearest outlet?

For a lot of  
people, you don't  
know I don't like  
the food, please!

Grate and o  
make potatoes  
delicious!  
Where is the  
nearest outlet?

For a lot of  
people, you don't  
know I don't like  
the food, please!

Grate and o  
make potatoes  
delicious!  
Where is the  
nearest outlet?

A WOMAN WE  
SAP: JOJO  
FORD'S SWEET  
SUGAR  
WORTH LEARNING  
FOR THIS  
MONTH

WOMEN

WIFE SOLD

CAROL TEIGEN

Support only  
women!

EMILY MONTAGUE

On a note, we  
want you!



SITES WORTH VISITING

FOOTLOCK TV (P. 110)  
ESQUIRE.COM/TTAS APP (SEE iPad APP)  
KANSASFINDER.COM (TWIN MORE BROTHERS)



TOD'S  
An Italian Story

TODS.COM

WORDS FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS

David Granger's *Only David* has a new look. Last in America, A Dead-God Journal  
(New York, 2004) has been the most successful of his many, winning prizes and  
people who are getting a sense of the new look in the process. He'll be 100 in 2011.



A NOTE FROM  
DAVID GRANGER

## An Act of Rebirth

I had a lot of phone conversations one fine night of September 11, 2001. It had been difficult for much of the day to get in touch with people by phone, as talking on the telephone was still the dominant means of communication and everyone who knew any of the eight million or so people in the city of New York on that day was trying to get through.

So as evening became night, it was a relief to hear from one after another of the *Esquire* editors and writers who had headed directly downtown from our office. But the phone call I remember most was the conversation I had with writer at large Scott Rudin that night. What I remember was the combination of rage and sadness that enveloped us. I had made a house by them. I had begged my family and told them what I was. I was 40 miles up the Hudson River from where the Towers stood, and that night, illuminated in the last light, I could still see all that remained of the Towers—the massive cloud of debris that was waiting east in the gentle late-summer breeze. It was like in any yard, I was comforted both by Scott's anger and by his developing sorrow. No one I knew seemed to get as lost as expressing anger. His comforted

me and hardened my resolve.

I've been exceptionally proud that Scott has been the author of what is now, with this issue, a seven-year, seven-part series of articles on the rebuilding of the World Trade Center. Every one of them has been informed by that same rage and that same sadness.

On a grander scale, I'm exceptionally proud of what is being accomplished on the World Trade Center site as we speak. It's impossible to express how massive the project is or how much has been done or how much is yet to be done. But after staring the World Trade Center this summer and after walking through the re-erecting forest of white oaks (they number more than 200 now, and each will eventually grow to 60 feet), and after going down into the memorial waterfalls built in the footprints of the two lost towers, and after seeing the impressive way in which the names of the lost are cut out of the thick bronze railings that surround the waterfalls, and, maybe especially, after seeing One World Trade rising up and up (80 floors and going) and almost out of sight, I can begin to put aside the rage and the sorrow from two years ago.

There are those who insist. There are those for whose nothing that will be done at 9/11 will ever adequately compensate the lives lost there. But I can tell you that by being there at sunset, so late and by bringing the hundreds of acres that surround them back to life, the men and women who imagined and designed and are building the new World Trade Center have accomplished for us all, every citizen, an act of rebirth unparalleled in the history of our country.

BY SENTENCE OF THE MONTH:  
"THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO MAKE IT GREAT FOR NEW YORK—IT WON'T BE DEPT WED BY ANYTHING BUT THE PEOPLE WHO GO THERE. THAT'S GOING TO BE WHAT'S BEAUTIFUL ABOUT IT." PAGE 142.

### WHENCE ALL THE STAFF?

This month's cover story got us thinking—not about how it's possible for *Esquire* (looking to not so much carry without getting too close) but about how it's doing them in the new 30s. Including one of our editors, seems to be named Ryan Reynolds, Phillips, Everett, Leaf, Adams. Reminds that guy from *True Blood*. They're all over the place. In fact, *Esquire* Security Administration does agree that the name Ryan became the 25th-most popular name for males in the 1970s (their number 81 in the 1960s). We couldn't really figure out why that happened. Then we realized: *Love Story* came out in 1970. It starred Ryan O'Neal.

## Esquire

David Granger's only new look in 2011

### David Granger

David Granger is a writer, editor, and publisher. He is the author of *Only David* (New York, 2004) and *Only David* (New York, 2004). He is also the author of *Only David* (New York, 2004) and *Only David* (New York, 2004).

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## SAKS FIFTH AVENUE MEN'S COLLECTION

KNOW WHAT YOU'RE WEARING

The old fisherman knit—dressed with  
modern style—today—fresh and  
the classic at one and on the street.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE MEN'S COLLECTION



AND ONLY  
@SAKS

## HOW TO FIND DANIELA RUAH

This month's *Woman We Love*, Daniela Ruah (page 90) is an one of those police dramas. You know, the one with the acronym. A few tips for your search:

If you hear the bang-bang of the **Law & Order** franchise, keep looking.

Since **Richard Belzer** is

For **Law & Order**, editors, but you are looking for a show starring a former rapper (hint: This one is a lot less angry. He would never threaten a sweet singer songwriter like Alicia Keys).

**David Caruso** is? You're getting closer. At least you have some of the right letters in the title. Still, stay for a minute and hope to catch the show's **Emily Procter** is.

You want the one about the military criminal investigation team.

Not that one. The one that takes

place in Los Angeles.

**NCIS** (Los Angeles: *Without You*). Who knew

**Chris O'Donnell** (I was still around?)



## THE VOCABULARY

Terms and ideas you will encounter on the pages that follow



### broguing

(v) Decorative holes in shoes. (See page 85.) (v) To talk on a flimsy excuse.

### LOCAL TAX

A CHANGE INSTITUTE TO FUND PUBLIC SCHOOLS? FINGER PRICES THROUGH BY LOCALS (SEE TO A RECOMMENDATION) AS IN CUBA, WHICH MAKES IT KIND OF HARD FOR THEM TO DRINK. (SEE PAGE 70.)



### trompe l'oeil

Something that confuses the senses. Like M.C. Escher's staircase, or a beautiful model made to look like a skeleton. (See page 128.)



AND NOW A FEW WORDS FROM

## BRANDON RARIO OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

**M**y kind gesture-making disaster for my wife—a most burned down our new apartment. She had had a hard day of work and was snuggling for her doctorate, so I decided to make the beer-battered Irishish sandwich from the June/July issue (Miss at

this best). Who would have thought burning up two cups of peanut oil in a high-would cause the pot to catch on fire? I'm not a moron. I know not to throw water on a burning oil. However, in that moment, I was a moron, because seeing a flaming pot in the middle of your new kitchen clouds your

judgment. So I threw water, and a fireball erupted that stretched all the way to the ceiling. It was an explosive blow. I have never seen—like sitting way too close to a huge set of pyrotechnics at a Trans-Siberian Orchestra concert. I took the fiery pot and threw it out our second-story window. I'm glad I didn't send anyone walking on the street below. Thankfully the flames in our kitchen died out after ten seconds or so, but not before eating my walls with smoke and making our blinds off the windows. Other than that, we're okay. The fire never even made it to the oil. I need to take a cooking class.



### IF YOU HAVE ONLY TEN MINUTES

We all the excerpts from ten years of articles that resulted from September 11, then read Scott Fawcett's story about the World Trade Center evacuation and all it took to get here. You won't finish in ten minutes, but you'll want to find the time.



GIORGIO ARMANI

ARMANI  
code

lift here  
to discover  
ARMANI code

ARMANI  
code

Fragrance for men

GIORGIO ARMANI

DEBATES

## BEFORE WE BEGIN



### DISSECTOR

Our featured car has a surprise (priced at left). David Grady's assistant editor (right) recently flew to New York to conduct an interview. \$190 and 24 mpg (est.) at 60 mph. (Source: Kelley Blue Book, Kelley Blue Book, Kelley Blue Book)

## WHAT WOMEN DRIVE

Janet Radakovich of Columbus, Ohio, wanted to know what kind of car a woman should drive to attract an eligible man. Our car correspondent, Sam Smith, offered the following suggestions, along with what each might imply about the woman driving there.



2012 FORD FOCUS SE S SEDAN

Purposed affordable—the only American small car that makes you feel like an adult. You love driving, but have to save as much as you can to get everything and move to New York. (314/985-2829 mpg highway/city)



2010 AUDI A8

Elegant, but with a serious edge. You may get a diamond and once killed a man with a sistrum. (Audi) (800-828-2222 mpg)



2011 JAGUAR XF

High style (regard over an unforgivable offense). You're a surprisingly lady occasionally a girl, and almost always willing to dance. (800-375-7376 mpg)

### THIS MONTH IN ANDER

(The largest  
number of  
guests  
your list)

Alexander  
Bismillah  
invited to  
celebrate  
the  
centenary  
of the  
centenary  
of the  
centenary  
of the  
centenary

Not long  
ago to  
celebrate  
the  
centenary  
of the  
centenary  
of the  
centenary

Mary  
Parker  
and the  
centenary  
of the  
centenary  
of the  
centenary

The chance  
of Michigan  
here in  
2013 Best  
Bar in  
America

Lady Gaga's  
wedding



## THE RESPONSE

In the Janet Radakovich article, editor Ryan D'Aquila wrote about Dr. William Petri and the horrific murder of his family ("The Survivor").

As the father of two young girls, it's one of my biggest fears that I would somehow be unable to protect them. Dr. Petri's expertly placed Petri as an everyday while reading this to be a superhero. No one could prepare for the horror he endured or the strength he carried as he tried to escape what's left of his life. This is a story I'll never forget.

CHRISTOPHER RUTLAND  
Richmond, Va.

The second my wife came home I hugged her. Hard. Thank you for telling this story. No one else is like Eugene. MICHAEL LUNARINI  
Redlands Beach, Calif.

"The Survivor" had me in knots. It showed how precisely close we otherwise cannot live in to tragedy, and defines what it means to be a man. Bill Petri is a marvel. MARK HANSEN MELVILL  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Please let us know how we can contribute to Petri's foundation and honor the journey. Lives of his wife and daughters. MAUREEN REYNOLDS  
Southaven, N.Y.  
You can donate at [petrifoundation.org](http://petrifoundation.org). —Editors

Letters to the editor may be mailed to [editor@nytimes.com](mailto:editor@nytimes.com), include your full name and address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

**LEARN INSTRUCTION OF THE MONTH**  
About a year ago, your feature director, Rob Gulliver, mentioned that he did not know what to do with aging kids and so we decided to... In 2007, we decided to do it, and this was the result of our efforts and the efforts of our readers. —Rob Gulliver, *Living, Learning*

## GOSLING MAKES A DIORAMA

After this time together (see page 100), Kevin's going to give you a large box of Gosling's past and his future. In the end, when you look at it, it's a representation of his childhood home, which was founded...

1. When you play the box, it will play the music of the movie, meaning it's a movie, a movie, and even a small box.
2. Gosling included an included CD and the instruction "Play it as often as you like. It's a movie, a movie, and even a small box." It's a movie, a movie, and even a small box.
3. Gosling ("I've got a lot of things to say about it") "It's a movie, a movie, and even a small box." It's a movie, a movie, and even a small box.



4. The box is a movie, a movie, and even a small box. It's a movie, a movie, and even a small box.
5. Always press the button on the box of the box. "Do not leave the box." It's a movie, a movie, and even a small box.

## Esquire.

**Jack Black**  
BLACK, 37, is a...  
**Jack Black**  
BLACK, 37, is a...  
**Jack Black**  
BLACK, 37, is a...

**Jack Black**  
BLACK, 37, is a...  
**Jack Black**  
BLACK, 37, is a...

**Jack Black**  
BLACK, 37, is a...  
**Jack Black**  
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**Jack Black**  
BLACK, 37, is a...



# DON'T STEAL THE JACKET

This here is the TALE my Granddaddy used to tell me of the MYSTERIOUS FORCES at work in our lives.

DIRECTED BY BRUCE WEBER • STARRING GABBY PORTO • GRANT MELLON • MILES "BABY BOOGALOO" BROWN  
CAROLINA SHIVER • QUINN HARRISON • NOVA STAVLEY • MYLE BARNES • THE WEIRDO BOYZ • JETHA BARNHILL • MATT GIESLER  
WITH SPECIAL GUEST STARS PRODUCED BY WRITTEN BY EDITED BY  
LOOPY • BIG PEE • JOSH COOPER • NAY BUSH • EMI LYNNMAN • NIKHIL KUDER • ANTONIO SANCHEZ • RADICAL SOMETHING  
MONSTER IS COMMITTED TO SUPPORTING GREEN CHIMNEYS AND THE CARE THEY PROVIDE FOR CHILDREN AND ANIMALS

### THE VOCABULARY

**BIG BOY (v)**  
A MONSTER THAT CONVERTS ENGLISH ARGUMENTS INTO A BIG BOY MONSTER INTEREST (TO A PARTNER) OR GENERAL PLAYFULNESS (TO AN ENTERTAINER).  
(SEE PAGE 47)

**swing (v)**  
To move in equal and opposite directions around a fixed point.  
(See page 78)

**play (v)**  
To share small parts as part of the living life. (See page 78)

**increased (adj)**  
How swimmers can get when you order to playing to "increasing."

### SEVEN THINGS WE LEARNED FROM THE NEW COSMO FOR GUYS APP

The editors at Cosmopolitan four sister magazines have created a monthly app. They selected to check it out:

1. Women are almost as good at talking about us as we are about them. (Almost.)
2. The term "cup" has disappeared from high school or college apps.
3. Reading the results of monthly surveys of women is much more interesting when the results are updated live, streaming in to your mobile app.
4. Buying a car for the woman in your life is easier when other women tell you exactly what they want.
5. Each month's 5 "Best" positions are informative and helpful—and best of all, they're from the guys of your dreams.
6. We are still a little bit better at playing to a laptop screen.
7. They are pretty much right.







real watches for real people



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Sun metal PVD-coating  
See our story at [www.oris.ch/jaguar/index](http://www.oris.ch/jaguar/index)

# MAH3

MAN AT  
HIS BEST



**2** Number of Times Chelsea Handler refers to her work as "tagged" in her conversation with *Savage*

Page 70

**CONTEST-PRIZE HIGHLIGHTS** "When the people of Montreal celebrated over by the corner guys and you can't get the other side of the street, it's a life saver"

Page 56

## Chelsea Handler

THE COMEDIAN AND TALK-SHOW HOST TALKS TO SCOTT RAB ABOUT HER SHOWS AND 50 CENT AND SEX TAPES AND HER NEW BENTLEY

*Smiles at 40 is on the cover of the book 'The Man at His Best' by Scott Rab*

**SCOTT RAB:** You're fresh as a daisy

**CHelsea Handler:** Well, I just had my hair done. I have to do the fancy show nights after this

**SR:** I'm a little tired. I came in from New Jersey. I took the 6 PM

**CH:** Is that a bus or a train?

**SR:** Train. New Jersey Transit. Call the clock as tough

**SR:** How's the show. Hundreds of people are coming into New York City from New Jersey on any day, but I'm the only one coming in to meet you

**CH:** That's very nice of you to say. (Handler comes in from New Jersey on any day, but I'm the only one coming in to meet you)

**SR:** I'm gonna have the spin and cheese smelt with Scarpino

**CH:** Do you have grapefruit?

**SR:** Yes. I'm a natural grapefruit.

**CH:** Yes, do not

**SR:** I would be brought my own food I know

**CH:** Seriously?

**SR:** Yes

**CH:** You look fabulous

**SR:** Thank you

**CH:** I was talking to him

**SR:** Oh... I like an egg white smelt with herbs. Will you tell them to go light on the oil?



MAN AT HIS BEST

MAN AT HIS BEST

See the book at [www.manathisbest.com](http://www.manathisbest.com)



See the book at [www.manathisbest.com](http://www.manathisbest.com)

LOOK  
LIKE YOU  
GIVE  
A DAMN

NIVEA

FOR MEN

FACE BODY'S SHAVE

RE-CIVILIZE  
YOURSELF

FEELING GOOD IS VERY IMPORTANT, but real men know that what's absolutely imperative is looking good. Projecting confidence and sophistication is simple with the right sartorial choices. When you want to appear sharp and in command, the devil is in the details: the crisp collar, the sweater that sits perfectly at your shoulders and pants that fall with just the right crease at your feet.

Q10 REVITALIZING DOUBLE ACTION SHAVING GEL AND BALM boost your crisp appearance by energizing your skin, adding a smoothness that people notice. Make your shave an even closer one by first cleansing with REVITALIZING FACE SCRUB which refines your entire complexion and improves razor glide. Afterwards, you'll be the sexiest man in the room in more ways than one.



Or no oil would be great.  
 36: There's no luck. My later wanted Life. A Collection of One-Night Stands is a real idea.  
 37: Do you think so? It's really cool and.

38: "Ultimately, we're not talking Ruffa, but I'm telling you, this is funny stuff. The midjet stands are really a midjet."  
 39: There's always a midjet.  
 40: Was there a midjet named Zina?

41: I had to change his name so he couldn't sue me. Have you ever been sued by a male artist? It's not fun.  
 42: You describe his penis as like a box connector.

43: Don't be jealous. The sure somebody will refer to your penis as a box connector at some point.

44: It's exactly my thing.  
 45: Well, maybe if you find a little midjet girl.  
 46: Your sex tape—  
 47: There's no sex tape. There's never been a sex tape. I know that you want things to be, but there isn't.

48: I don't.  
 49: How do  
 50: I've never wanted to videotape sex—never when I was more fit. I have had sex looking into a mirror. However.

51: How was that?  
 52: Well, it was great. This was at my grandfather's house.  
 53: Well, that's nice that you went to your grandmother's house and did that. Respectfully it was at my grandfather's house and you did that. Respectfully it was at my grandfather's house and you did that.

54: You're from New Jersey. How do you own your family this up?  
 55: Yeah. We all agree that you go to your mother's Day. There were at the Mocha's Day. There were at the Mocha's Day. There were at the Mocha's Day. There were at the Mocha's Day.

56: Is that where you're living?  
 57: My boyfriend owns the Shepherd. And I think.  
 58: Your boyfriend's a good guy?  
 59: Yes, he is.  
 60: You consider?  
 61: I can't discuss that. You should be a good Jewish boy and know better. Sherman on you.  
 62: They said to say, you know—  
 63: Shorter, broader, flatter.



Handstand with a View: Chaz Lane has been on it since 2000. Richter has been on it since 2000. Richter has been on it since 2000.

64: I don't really think I'm a midjet.

65: I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet.

66: I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet.

67: I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet.

68: I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet.

69: I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet.

70: I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet.

71: I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet.

72: I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet. I don't really think I'm a midjet.

**"Have you ever been sued by a midjet? It's not fun."**

and 100%

61: I walked tables at a lot of different places. I was broke from 10 to 20, borrowing money from my parents or my brothers or sisters every week to pay the bills.

62: Have you paid them back?  
 63: Of course. I'm very generous.

64: I saw you take Andy Richter's rent on Conan. It was great. Did he ever do you a favor?

65: The Simpsons and The Office in syndication. That's about it. I saw the Conan clip on Hulu.

66: How do you go to bed at night?  
 67: I'm usually trying to make you the questions.

68: Yeah, but you're not doing a very good job of it. So maybe I should write the questions.

69: People are gonna be literally disappointed when they're expecting an interview with Chaz Lane. Handstand.

70: They're not expecting anything.  
 71: Well, there'll be a photo of you.  
 72: Well, there'll be a photo of us together.  
 73: No, but there'll be a sex tape.  
 74: At your grandmother's

house, with a mirror.  
 75: Mainly, I'm. Someday you'll get back in your, uh—  
 76: Chaz, I'm sorry?

77: "You got a Bentley?" I wish you did.  
 78: I don't even know it. It's a coupe. It has a little window in the back, so my dog Chaz can sit in his back seat. I got the car for him.

79: It seems like you're having a good time.  
 80: Oh, yeah. I have a really good time. But I work a lot.

81: Have you ever been married out?  
 82: No. Opportunities fall in my lap because work brings more work. We have a show after Chaz's show. That just got renewed for a second season and then we have another NBC show, based on the book Are You There, Mother?

83: Right, you're playing your sister.  
 84: It just keeps going and going and even if you don't care about any of these projects, they keep happening.

85: Any downside to all this?  
 86: The downside is having to eat healthy all the time.

87: Well, you do look fantastic.  
 88: Well, thank you. But that's coming from somebody who had sex with his grandmother.

89: No, it was at her house.  
 90: Oh, yes. It was with you? A real mother? I just decided.

91: We're talking about an Orthodox Jewish woman who wrote Manhattan. Okay. Not my type, but I'm having a good time on Chaz's show. It's fun. It's not very hard to do. You get to be really stupid which is my specialty.

92: It's a candy kinda stupid. It's not a stupid kinda stupid. Has there been a point at which you've said, "You know, I did it. I made it. Or are you driven by a love of telling?"

93: I'm a writer. I like to work and I like to provide work for other people. I like to put people on the show who normally would never have a chance at being on television. When I look at all the people that I have working for me now and the company I've started and all the people that benefit from it and have a living because of it, it's very motivating to continue.



E T A O

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**Smart TV**  
The upcoming Samsung LED smart TV will let you look up the ratings for a show as much like you would on a TV. It's a 55-inch LED, 120-hertz refresh rate, and it's got smart features like a built-in Wi-Fi, so you can stream content from the TV to your computer or tablet. (SAMSUNG)

## The Triumph of Tim Allen

**THE SHOW: Last Man Standing**  
BY CHRIS JONAS

**A**DC's last Man Standing is a terrible, unfunny, cynically derivative sitcom with a comically artificial-looking set and jokes that aren't clever or surprising, yet the somehow draw huge laughs from a studio audience that must consist almost entirely of people who've never before. It will shake a leg, because it marks the return of Tim Allen to network television.

Last Man Standing is essentially *Home Improvement*, except that the tools have been replaced by hunting gear—Allen wields for an outdoor company, with a crossbow featured in the first episode—and he has daughters instead of sons. Once again, Allen plays the widower, bedfellowed mainly men when inspired by the world around him, by his new avenue of predatory trans-

ing and raising values.

Over the course of however many seasons this show will air, and however many hundreds of millions of dollars it will take in, Allen will no doubt rage against this new world—while occasionally showing his anger and to shrewd husbands and fathers, this new world has a lot to offer—and have someone in the audience will smile and nod to themselves and remember how good things used to be.

With anyone other than Tim Allen in the lead role, Last Man Standing plays like a joke, maybe three. But Allen is in the lead role, and that changes everything. In reality, he might be some kind of monster; I have no idea, but on TV in these impossible human landscapes, surrounded by those fake plants and cinder-drum daisies, he transforms into a human philosopher-king. God helps us, he's visible, and he's good-assured, and he's sometimes right in his concerns about our direction as a species, and, most of all, he makes us believe who he is. When he laughs, he seems like he's really laughing. He has a quiet few moments, a considerable wisdom that translates particularly well when he's playing a serious character. He's made his-

self an enormously rich and famous man by playing some version of himself. [www.LastManStanding.com](http://www.LastManStanding.com) and ever again. It's really laughing because he's moon the joke.

Allen does this so thing perfectly, and he's smart enough to know that he should never try to be or do anything else. It's lucky enough to have found his sweet spot and a place enough to stay exactly there—for precisely one half hour, on Thursday nights, on ABC. 8:00 p.m.

## The Endorsement: Maria Bello

**THE SHOW: Prime Suspect**  
BY DAVID GARDNER

**N**othing on television will ever be better than Helen Mirren's *Prime Suspect*. Many things are as good, but nothing will ever be better as a risk for NBC. (Dune recently of making much good) and for Maria Bello (a comically beautiful, head-breaking idea) to use the British series as inspiration. And, Maria en-



JOSEPH ABOUD  
COLLECTION

**NEW TV SHOWS**

**BETH BEHRS**  
2 Broke Girls (CBS)  
The Most Important Man in America is a new and funny series.

**ANNE KATH**  
Charlie's Angels (ABC)  
Smart and sexy girls make a difference.

**LAURA CONNELLY**  
Missing (ABC)  
A deadly case with a government spin.

JOSEPH ABBOUD  
COLLECTION

STYLEAGENDA



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work television's business, things could have gone wrong. First, there is the first trope of a woman trying to succeed in a man's world. Second, there is the danger that things will unravel well and then will be tossed happily ending. But, if the pilot is any indicator, both of these pitfalls are avoided—the first because, in addition to being an underdoggy grad, Bello manages to create a complete and completely believable character when such an subtle, impersonally, that she's disinterested against for all the right reasons, and the second because of her demo tony presence at the end of the first episode.

Belle (Griff) is an actor above the caliber of what the nets generally employ. As a result, the show is slicker. Even with strong male supporting actors (Adam Quire, among others), it's her show—the males are great. **Thursdays at 10:00 p.m. on NBC.**

## "Stewardesses"

THE SHOW: **Fan.Am**  
BY TOM CHIBRELL

My father called women who worked on airplanes "stewardesses" long after the rest of the world started calling them flight attendants. He stuck to his guns, too. I never found anything particularly interesting or amusing in the show, but years after he stopped flying, I asked him why he never changed over. What at the time was a man in that job? A man who does that in a guy who works for the airline," he grumbled. "A stewardess was always when we called a woman who flies."

I'm long enough in this world that I remember when air travel was on the decline, perhaps, and soft-woman officers at stewardesses. We all—even kids—knew stewardesses to be women who had ended in some part of authority for the same that time-sounding chance to travel the world. I lived in Rochester, New York, and even as a kid I felt these women to be a little better, more prone to risk a little closer to what they expected from life. Of course, this was all undone by the decision that followed. I don't appreciate the flow of time. I'm not sorry



Beautiful person with half an hour for weight and a woman who is a great glass pane for her weight and added density. (L) 100

for the right side of our brains in a subtle culture. Most power to the flight attendants.

But I still call them "stewardesses" and I don't give a damn what anybody thinks. I like them better, as a class of worker, than the guys who work for the airline. Like the implication of a mistress that puts up with the hassle that harassment of flight officers in hotels in St. Louis for the chance to later land a spot on an international route to London. To my mind, they're still stronger and more sure of themselves than are the women they leave behind. That's why I'll be watching *Fan.Am* ABC, a new hour from the crew of *Knave* (the crew of *Knave*), involving the crew of a clipper ship in the *Fan.Am* story. The pilots are unassuming, because we all know the flying to be largely risk free. The rest show is the crew of stewardesses—particularly the lieutenant messenger Margaret Eubank, who trips into the pilot's world fully understanding the absolute nature of the repression (weight regulations, leaving behind) she's signed up for. It does seem a little bit I'll watch. On this show, they don't call her anything else but when she is like a stewardess—comfort and a boss when one is a mile from this world's end. Women who fly *Sunday at 10:00 p.m. on ABC.*

## An Assessment of Truths

THE SHOW: **Up All Night**  
BY RICHARD GORMENT

The sitcom stars Christina Applegate and Will Arnett as an aggressively cool married couple dealing with first-time parenthood. It's like *Go the F\*\*k to Sleep*. The TV Show *Up All Night*, one new parent's account of the real world of observations, ruminations, and plot devices faced in the pilot episode.

The utter inevitability of fall program-cynists **True**

Applegate's character, a talk-show producer named Megan Bradley, is the first woman I like going back to work. **True** Arnett as the husband who volunteers to stay home and take care of the child. **Falso** The one friend (played in the series by *https://tumblr.com/*) who pretends that nothing has changed. **True**

Taking minutes, perfect video footage of the baby while he/she is sleeping. **True** Offhand references to the old days "True Applegate's sleep-deprived character hallucinates that Matt Lauer talks to her through the television set. **Falso** *Up All Night* is a series only at night and involves

MARGOT ROBBIE  
Fan.Am (ABC)

As Liane, an American flight attendant



KARINE VANASSE  
Fan.Am (ABC)

As Catherine, a French woman



CHRISTINE ADAMS  
True (ABC)

As a "nurse" of True's New, reported to be a lady



roberto cavalli

## True Women.

"We don't do that anymore." **True**  
"Do you want to do that real quick?" **True**  
Rushing house to the bed, only to ask  
a little when you hear he/she is already  
asleep. **True**

Arrest's character or why his new dad  
friends had to go off the phone? "Henry's  
back in ready." **True**

The dad? "I'm just passed. And it doesn't  
really know what I'm passed at." **True**

The baby wipes all ways stick together.  
**True** Wednesdays at 8:00 p.m. on NBC.

Two Ways to  
Look at TV

THE SHOW: **Suburgatory**  
BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON

On TV, nobody ever looks a door.  
Even New Yorkers. If Krutner  
can't burst through the door  
and do his giant snatching double take,  
how did he just the story of three dis-  
tinctly different, and in some ways, of pho-  
bia. If they can't cross that half whenever  
some doggy what takes him, friends be-  
come. **Suburgatory** There's two responses  
to the:

A. Unlabeled door in New York City? It's  
not a label, it's a brand, for moments, let's  
watch **True**

B. Gosh. The unlabeled door is the em-  
otional center, a tribute to our nation's  
for community and friendship and how  
they are like others, they call this reflec-  
tion, on TV the word subway **Unlabeled**

No it's a problem writing anything about  
TV that's not a moral standard of log-  
ic or equity, you understand it. If you

go on about how great color is  
because it lets TV be adult and  
even better than movies, you  
really misunderstand it, and  
maybe you don't understand  
America, either. The democratic  
arrest that's a pop culture suc-  
cess, by creating an alchemical  
mixture of the real and truth, dis-  
ciple and some very real of fresh  
observations about modern life.

Which brings us to **Suburgatory**.  
It's about a single dad who  
moves his big-name urban teen-  
age daughter from Greenwich  
Village to the suburbs after he  
finds a box of condoms in her  
dormer drawer. I thought may-  
be it would help that I raised  
two teenage daughters in the  
same area, but of course the  
show has absolutely no rela-  
tionship to any recognizable  
reality. First off, this father is a  
very bearded architect who  
lives in Greenwich Village and  
his daughter is 16—and he's up-  
set because he's afraid of her!

The suburb is a comic fantas-  
tasyland put together for people  
of **The Bedford** and re-  
ality-show man gets chased  
with a giant truck of **Apocalypse**  
But the point is to give the term  
a rich field for comic, a very  
valuable commodity in Hol-  
lywood these days. **Suburgatory**  
But the schtick of pop culture re-  
quires that mark be mixed to its opposite,  
some reality—the formula of **True**  
and the stark success of **The Road to Nowhere**  
(from the makers of **South Park**, no less).  
What the stark contrast, some reality  
reality—its version of **Money**—leaving  
the look-look.

But if you're a person, none of this  
matters. The writing can improve. The gag will  
become a great. What matters is that the  
dad is very warm and likable, which is  
amazing, since he's played by the pop-  
culture brother from **Sex and the City** Jeremy  
Piven.

6 THINGS YOU SHOULD  
KNOW ABOUT ME

BY WHITNEY CUMMINGS,  
CO-CREATOR OF **2 BROKE GIRLS** AND CREATOR  
AND STAR OF **WHY**

1. If I were a parent, my name would be  
Whitney Cummings.
2. I have two shows on the air this fall. One is on  
NBC, called **Why**, based on my stand-up, and  
one on CBS I created with Michael Patrick King  
called **2 Broke Girls**. I chose to do **Why** in  
front of my studio audience to be honest or  
friends because I wanted to do a modern take on a  
classic format. And I have an amazing audience  
to make a difference from strangers.
3. I got a more fight with my TV boyfriend on  
Saturday Chris O'Neil than I do with my real boy-  
friend. But because I got to write what he says, I  
usually win.
4. I am convinced that ghosts are always having sex  
with us.
5. In my stand-up, I try to give them insight on why  
women are so "snarky." Well, every man  
we close ourselves with an insane amount of  
chemistry to look pretty, we have wires in our bras  
sticking out in the heart, and polyester string in  
our butt all day and according to society, we  
basically expire at 35. For what we go through,  
I actually think we're pretty sexy.
6. I wonder if I'm a lesbian at least twice a day  
working with **KIM** because it does not help with this  
confusion.
7. I have an emotional attachment to the modern  
day giraffe called **Down**. I personally love them  
because they hate my table.
8. I have probably had sex with you.

to. The daughter has spirit, and the actress  
who plays her (Jane Levy) has charm along  
with possessing tons of dignity and in-  
telligence. The hard-core snark friend  
and her kooky cougar mother could be a  
heck, I'm not far, just watching **Cheryl** I have  
do a number on me.

Because there are two ways to look at  
this, too:

- A. Only a man really thinks the kid  
has the two boys.
- B. But only a dickhead really thinks the less.  
Whitney Cummings is a dick.

[www.whitnycummings.com](http://www.whitnycummings.com)

HANNAH SHIMONE  
New Girl (Fox)  
Jennette's quirky  
Zooey Deschanel!



SATURNI AGUIRRE  
The Playboy Club (ABC)  
Lucy for an actor has the  
same wit that she has at  
Mad Men. Playboy Bunnies



JENNA DEWAN  
The Playboy Club (ABC)  
At 40, she's a woman's magazine  
model for years

IWC.  
Engineered for men.

IWC  
SCHAFFHAUSEN  
SINCE 1868

Always on course



Portuguese Yacht Club Chronograph Ref. 3668. Please make a U-turn!  
position. "The instrument used by sailors in the tradition of Vasco da Gama  
was used because. One of the legends of navigation is the Portuguese  
Yacht Club Chronograph. An IWC-manufactured instrument with fly-  
back function and automatic double-pawl winding guarantees precise  
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FOR MEN

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**FUNNY JOKE**  
FROM  
A BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN

**AS TOLD BY**  
**LILY COLLINS**

A grade often is more than a letter. First, the man who for \$1 billion, *Poof* the mascot appears. Then he asks for a *Poof* the mascot appears. "There he says, 'I want to be immortal to all women.' *Poof* he turns into a box of chocolate."

**ABOUT THE JOKESTER:** Even though the 22-year-old actress has appeared on movies like *The Blind Side* and *Power*, it's impossible to go more than one sentence into a brief biographical sketch without hitting a crucial piece of data: Lily Collins is her dad. Which means her childhood involved an entire concert audience singing "Happy Birthday" to her when she turned one, referring to Elton John as "Uncle Elton," and the fact that that song from Beethoven, "How I Love My Heart," was actually written as a lullaby. For her, now that that's out of the way... This month, Collins stars in *Subtraction*, a sort of coming-of-age romance. Identity 30s plays Karen, a high school cheerleader on the team with Taylor Lautner, which being chased by the girl, let's see how many Lewins kid do that. —MARC WHITEN

Despite some previous work, this joke will be funny to everyone.

AND THERE'S MORE! Meet Lily at [lilycollins.com/poof](http://lilycollins.com/poof) where she'll be the Poof mascot.

ADVERTISEMENT

**ON EMOTIONS**

"You can't defeat a woman in an argument. It's never happened because women never argue. The emotions were actually feeling. When we're our most pissed off at you, what do we say? 'Yes, fine.' 'I'm fine' means I'm going to stab you in the back."

**ON FEEL**

"Pam isn't bad. When watching you is like women watching the *Poof* Network, we're both watching things we're never going to breaking do."

**ON HER CHILDHOOD**

"Days always say women are crazy. Do you think we like being this way? You think this is fun for me? Do you think I enjoy getting your as-applaud three hours a day? You think I enjoy going through your cell phone every night while you're asleep? I'm exhausted."

**ON THE SILENT TREATMENT**

"Women are amazing fighters. We're like women fighters. Our favorite fighting tactic is the silent treatment. We pound the hell, we not going to talk to him for the rest of the day." Ladies, the silent treatment is not a punishment, it's a reward. He's like, 'Oh thank god she's giving me the silent treatment. I get to watch *SportsCenter* today.'"

**WHITNEY CUMMINGS on**  
**MEN, WOMEN AND NINJAS**

As we tell the truth about love better than comedian Whitney Cummings (*Chelsea Lately*). The star of the new NBC comedy, Whitney gives us her wisest and funniest thoughts on the battle of the sexes.

Don't miss more of Whitney this fall when her new comedy premieres on NBC.

Whitney

8PM THURSDAYS 8-9:30/30c

# THREESOME?

I DON'T WANT TO  
DISAPPOINT TWO PEOPLE.

Whitney

SEPT 22  
THURSDAYS 9:30/8:30c



ANSWER  
FELLA

## Does Bulletproof Glass Work? Plus, an Important Message.

### HOW DOES BULLETPROOF GLASS WORK? How reliable is it?

Before attempting to answer the question at hand—a line question—AF finds it necessary to give experimental reports. To issue the following statement: Answer: Police are not one degree of soliciting an undercover officer at the local Lombard Service Area of the New Jersey Turnpike resulted from an honest misunderstanding and nothing more.

As for bulletproof glass, Unbreakables Laboratories with standard penetration levels for bullet resistance based on factors such as the size of the projectile fired at it. "Most of the people see like in a bank is actually acrylic, which is a plastic. It may be fabricated and crystal clear," says Tony D'Amico, VP of operations at Pacific Bulletproof. "Bullet-resistant glass starting at Level I can stop a brick, up to Level III, which will stop a .762 NATO round."

"We achieve that by layering glass and polycarbonate to stop a bullet's kinetic energy. The glass has a soft outer layer, the first line where it'll blunt the bullet, and the bullet gets stuck in the polycarbonate. When we go to the acrylic—the low end levels—they basically shatter in a shield. The bullet's going

down back at you. They're glass-bullet back."

According to John Thompson, VP, consumer safety director, "When the bullet hits the glass, it could easily penetrate. But once it gets into the acrylic material, that dissipates the energy and gets that starburst pattern in the material. Manufacturers build it to a certain thickness. There might be four or five layers of materials in the product."

As for liability, Steve Leland, a Pacific Bulletproof account executive and former LAPD detective, tells AF, "I'd let any body—anyone from the FBI to CIA, a SWAT team, a minister—I can stand behind that glass and let him fire 10, 20 rounds. I am not going to be hurt."

AF was told he'd be hurt. Leland if he had ever worried that particular set when he bowed a head crash, whereupon Mr. D'Amico took the phone to say that a large safe had fallen upon him. Leland held.

Could the Internet be the United States ever for the first time it was an independent in the recent uprising?

"It depends on what the subject is," says Leland, who is Ben, an expert on IP networks and social networking. "Gasket would be to detect more international connections. Not even that I can't say."

Shooting a traffic within the country would be difficult. Some limited network general can quickly disconnect their customers, but for others there is no central point of control. Disrupting traffic between ISPs is also not simple. There are hundreds of not thousands, and they interconnect their networks in 20 or so long or cities. In Egypt, it was only one major two big cities and four major ISPs."

Chris Wilson, technology director of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, adds, "I don't think even in Egypt it was even entirely about oil. But if you were to shut down the Internet, that would almost be the same thing as shutting down our economy. I don't think it's the case that it would be totally responsible to seriously reduce access to the Internet. There you would have into hundreds, but more so it would just be a self-defeating thing to do. Shutting it is talking about us here. Look you, it's just way out—it's not an actual way to govern. We should think more about what we're moving more forms of connectivity."

AF stands by his first story report regarding the carjacking incident at the Vince Lombardi Service Area, but after today's knowledge of Carjacking, it's a different place at the Chesapeake Service Area of the Garden State Parkway in 2009. He wants to announce that he will seek assistance to focus on becoming a better husband and a healthier person.

AF offers an apology for the pain and embarrassment that he has caused the fine folks at Arthur Treacher's.

Ma  
HB

# FROM OUR TABLE TO YOURS

"I CERTAINLY WOULD NOT TRADE THIS FOR ANYTHING. I'm fourth generation here, born and raised on our family ranch. By about the early 1920s, my great-grandfather had a lot of this country put together by then. We're able to live and work on this beautiful land, and the best thing about it is that I too get to raise my family out here. It's a great privilege to be able to do what we do. Of course, someday, I'd very much like for my son to be able to pick up where I leave off."

*Austin Brown*  
Brown Ranch  
Texas

TEXAS BBQ BEEF BRISKET

## A BROWN FAMILY FAVORITE TEXAS BBQ BEEF BRISKET



**Total Recipe Time: 3 to 3 1/2 hours**

1 oven-roast beef brisket, flat cut  
(about 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 pounds)  
3/4 cup barbecue sauce  
1/2 cup dry red wine

**For:**

2 tablespoons chili powder  
1 tablespoon packed brown sugar  
1 1/2 teaspoons garlic powder

**Makes 6 to 8 servings**

Nutrition information per serving: 1 1/2 of recipe: 298 calories, 7 g fat (3 g saturated fat, 3 g monounsaturated fat), 52 mg cholesterol, 340 mg sodium, 3 g carbohydrates, 3 g fiber, 36 g protein, 5 g mg calcium, 0.9 mg vitamin B12, 2.6 mg vitamin B6, 3.7 mg iron.

This recipe is an excellent source of protein, niacin, vitamin B6, vitamin B12, iron, selenium and zinc.

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# BRISKET

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ities upon studies have shown (and I can provide details of some upon written request) that testosterone is an

Certainly, some would agree that in your partner's letter for the length of time he has devoted to stress connection, after days in conversation he has finally, at last, arrived at his partner, since "most people, married women do want some cuddling," says letter. Peter, a biological anthropologist at Rutgers University. It seems a great moment in the amount of emotion in the body. A woman that gains some feelings of attachment. "So if someone falls asleep to her, their partner may feel neglected and unable to attach," she says. And while we're there, Caroline Wilkins mentions, "There's lots of women, and man who say, 'I don't tell me, but I do it for the cuddling.'" (Which is amazing!) I guess sure that there are just a few who don't for the sleep. But sounds like you, love!

Why is it that smoking can feel more intimate than sex?  
Because since the 1930s, kinship has been on the rise, and cigarettes are steeped in everything from music, to movies, to war. And, of course, kin. So, sometimes, or at least part of it, when I said that it is because of chemicals. "But chemicals claim that it's not you," says one of your more famous kinship programers, "it's the major health-compromising compound." So, I'm Prince, author of *The Gay American Family* (Broadway) says that: "you have to be a little bit of a kinship in a kin, which means a kin that's not automatically revealed to you and your partner when you're compatible on a biological level. If you can't be a kinship, you're not the kin's level of cigarette—its powerful, its intimate, its possible for crossing and desire. Still, I'm not sure, research suggests and studies of the kinship programers, our Last Love 3000s, even

Is there anything I should be aware of if I want to be a wife-snapper? What's the easiest way to find a willing couple? Wife-snapping is not like what you see on TV. The other lady doesn't come live with you, and so no one gets \$50,000. Also, it's not usually called wife-snapping anymore, as the term is now considered misogynistic. Discerning parents call it the Lifeline, and it is not as easy as it sounds. There are a lot of rules, prep work, and all kinds of other ins and outs. "You've got to be very, very nice to the couple you want to get into," says Leonard M. Friedman, a psychology professor at the University of Illinois, who has studied the industry for years. "The couple often has a lot of things which is offensive to being a wife-snapper. — S.G.L." (snigger) he says. "In terms of the rules, that couple establishes, most

you would not know it, but women run things in the Life style. So if you get out of line, you'll be taken to them. It's a female-run lifestyle," says Nussli to herself, who, along with her husband, Scott, runs a Lifestyle Website and is a cast member on Play boys' lifestyle television show *Swing*. "The girls are in charge in power. It's all about what the girls want." And the girls might not want sex. "It's not so much about the sex," she says. "It's the sex happens, great, but it's mostly about getting out there and meeting people, partying, having great time" — which sounds like it could be attained in most countries without so much paperwork.

"The couple plays [not 'swings' which is offensive to Swing and Swings — S G W] together he says, "in terms of the rules that couple establishes, most

[illegible]

**They** take down the pictures of her as trophies - the doctors going straight for the hub - before no longer needed at for getting's little fun in their daughters - you're fastest everybody's dinner for they stop telling you "no" too - for get to start to go home - You're expected to call her Grandma - Brian already know what you've been up to - When you play the drums! They no longer turn off the lights and into your white tent you're in there - You just sit and wait for me!

[illegible]

DOI: 10.1002/for

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A couple is standing in a street food stall. The woman is holding a small food item and looking at the man. The man is holding a plate and looking at the woman. In the background, two women are preparing food. One woman is cutting a large round cake on a table, and the other is preparing a plate of food. The stall has various food items hanging from the ceiling and on the walls.

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PHONOS



## The End, Old Friend

THE ONLY VALUE LEFT AT SEARS AND K MART IS THE DET AGAINST THEM

**T**he great Leon Barker, the Rushmore sports betting, once uttered the kind of a regret that's so profound you're brown (or at least my brown) is incapable of appreciating it until years later: "Never ask a bad team to do some thing good for you."

Beers Holdings is a bad team, it's initially wounded company whose stock—though still trading in the middle of its 52-week range—will not recover, and, as a result, that year's utility would be the worst great American institutions. This is a blockbuster or bordering going out of business, as many others of papers have been. We're talking about Sears and Roebuck—two stores that have defined what it means to be an American for more than 300 years each. And the shame of it is that the On Being the curtain, legendary investor Edith Lerner, never really seemed to care.

Lampert was the master value investor who notched an astonishing 28 percent yearly return over 16 years by acquiring mispriced undervalued, old-fashioned companies and beating the hell out of management to improve performance. A better-cultured, harsher, no-nonsense

various of Warren Buffett, Lampert seemed to be doing exactly what his role model had done—acquire a publicly traded company and use its cash flow to acquire other publicly traded companies. Lampert bought Kmart out of bankruptcy in 2003 by buying bonds no one else was willing to touch.

For an investment of less than \$1 billion, Lampert gained total control of a company that, wounded or not, was doing over \$20 billion in yearly sales and throwing off a ton of cash. That he pulled off this maneuver only days after being laid off as a consultant and then for three months only added to Lampert's legend. This was a true corporate takeover, and the Wall Street crowd would rise in awe, who could doubt his

**Largest bank** takes steps to improve the actual performance

of Kmart, the store added specific brands to its apparel and consumer electronics. But none of that really mattered. Lampert's vision for Kmart wasn't about increasing the store's sales—it was about increasing net sales flow.

That was didn't ring at Kmart. Lescoppe planned to leverage Kmart's cash flow to acquire buyers. The deal was available to investors. The smart money almost didn't care if the retailer ever recovered. The idea was that the Sears unit alone was so valuable that even if the stores languished along, the company could sell off stores and keep throwing off plenty of cash. That's exactly what Lescoppe did down Kmart. He sold 40 stores to Home Depot and Sears for almost as much money as the market was paying in the recovery of the home furnishings—1,500 plus stores. 16 warehouses, all of the equipment. Kmart's stock shot up several in a year and a half, and the valuation allowed Lescoppe to take down Sears.

It was a great story, but it was not a retail story. It was a real estate story, perfect for 2006. And then the real estate market crashed.

All of a sudden, the whole strategy began to unravel. With no major triumphs or losses, the merged entity—now known as Sears Holdings—had to struggle to find its footing as soon as a disaster. In the six years since the merger, the company's sales and income has fallen a great deal. This year, the company has dropped to tenth place in the fast-food sector in a surprising way. In the only store in its category to show negative sales growth, Kmart has fallen from third to seventh place. Even Target (2nd place) and Wal-Mart (1st place) have pulled away from Kmart's sorry 117th place.

...were voting in how little the company appears to care about the sheep. Bates has had an interim CEO on the sidelines for a while. In 2007, he was replaced by Joseph Lampert, settled on Los Angeles-based, an IBM 50% of coffee CEO of a Swiss company. Any. It's a guy with zero retail experience carrying towers around the most dysfunctional retail businesses in America. It won't work. And the strategy would be faster the worse to end.

The thing, Langer really is brilliant. What he doesn't know about turning around 19th-century retailers he makes up for in wizardry at propping up share prices. Last year, Sears used the company's cash to buy back \$294 million in the first quarter of this year, and, however good profit results, he doubled down, spending more. For 30 years, this tactic has worked, at least as concerned With negative earnings (and thus no PE), it's an impressive example that Sears continues to range. Investors love company leaders who operate. But customers couldn't care less.

here's an excellent chance that within a year Sears will find what it trades for today. And that will be a good one like me, who from time to time have shorted to believe that within a year, Sears and Kmart will be reasonable stores. And that will be a damn shame.

The smart money didn't care if the retailers recovered. They liked the real estate.

THERE'S AN UNWRITTEN NASCAR RULE:

**SMELL NICE AND FRESH  
WHEN YOU'RE  
STANDING NEXT TO  
THE TROPHY GIRL.**



Turns rules into functions



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SHOES

CONVENTIONAL WISDOM says a man should dress to look like he works, not like he's at work. That's the idea behind the new line of shoes from Tommy Hilgert. The shoes are made of a soft, stretchy material that looks like leather but is actually a synthetic material. They're available in a variety of colors and patterns, and they're designed to be comfortable and easy to wear. They're the perfect choice for anyone who wants to look like a professional without the hassle of traditional dress shoes.

## BRAND NEW SHOES

London jersey loafers (2008) by Tommy Hilgert for G. M. Shoes & Co. - casual and cool. (2009) (2010) by Tommy Hilgert, casual socks (2010) by Smart Fitwear

CONVENTIONAL WISDOM says a man should dress to look like he works, not like he's at work. That's the idea behind the new line of shoes from Tommy Hilgert. The shoes are made of a soft, stretchy material that looks like leather but is actually a synthetic material. They're available in a variety of colors and patterns, and they're designed to be comfortable and easy to wear. They're the perfect choice for anyone who wants to look like a professional without the hassle of traditional dress shoes.

FROM FALLING IN LOVE  
ABOUT THE NEW LINE

It's one thing to talk about a full blown overhaul of one's closet. It's another thing to talk about a full blown overhaul of one's wardrobe. We're rolling out a line of new apparel to help you transform your wardrobe piece by piece, lock by lock. We're rolling out the New Deal, and it starts here.

PART 1  
2008

PART 2  
2009

PART 3  
2010

PART 4  
2011

## IN THE OFFICE

FOUR ALTERNATIVES TO BLACK LACE UPS AS USUAL. PLUS: WHAT TO WEAR THEM WITH.



## THE WING TIP

The professional wing tip looks like a pretty serious breed—quirky and dapper and as fun as a paper cut. Loosen up with a rounder toe and bring in a little less formality (and a little more soul) to it. Leather wing tips (\$675) by Irwin Kostov.



## THE LOAFER

See the professional's state of mind regarding loafers in the workplace—we're in general. For them—grounded, they want a slim leather sole, a round toe, and a good polish. The penny is an early option. Leather loafers (\$395) by Tada.



## THE MONK-STRAP

The standard single buckle should reach across the tongue and hit the shoe right below the cuff of your pants. It's subtle enough that it doesn't scream, "Look at me!" but it's not nothing, either. Leather monk straps (\$235) by John Cobb.



## THE SADDLE SHOE

You can get away with the plush leather Chelsea boots that you're better off getting a pair with thin leather heels (and not thick cotton-soled and some dressy canvas) on the forefoot. Leather wing tips (\$675) by Allen Edmonds.

NOTE TO SELF: Apply a heavy-duty polish to your shoes. It's a good idea to keep them in shape.

Pos from left: Wood trousers, part of suit (\$1,695) by Ralph Lauren; wood trousers (\$175) by J. Press; wool trousers (\$195) by Armani; wool-and-cashmere trousers (\$195) by Hickey Freeman.

## THE ALTERNATIVE SKINS

Most good shoes are made of smooth, shiny calfskin, but for eye-catching alternatives, look no further.



## CROCODILE

•Key detail: subtle pattern and high shine  
•Price range: \$12  
•Good source: right now, J. Press  
Q: J. Press



## OSTRICH

•Key detail: pebbled, undulating skin  
•Price range: \$1  
•Good source: right now, J. Press  
Q: J. Press



## SNAKE

•Key detail: long, narrow, wavy lines  
•Price range: \$1  
•Good source: right now, J. Press  
Q: J. Press

## THE SKIMMER MAKES A BARTENDER PART CRAFTSMAN, PART ASSASSIN.

Nothing like this weapon of choice seals in the lager's flavor. And with one swipe, it masterfully cuts the top foam. Yes, all fresh plays a role, and sometimes that role requires beheading.

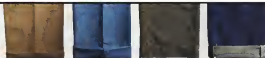


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## OUT OF THE OFFICE

THERE IS MORE TO STYLE ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS THAN SNEAKERS



**NOTE TO SELF:**  
Don't let your polished  
leather loafers  
get dusty or  
dirty. They're not just  
for the office.



**THE WINDY TIP**  
Contrasting-colored laces  
or stitching (or both)  
go a long way in drawing  
down inadvertent wing  
tips. Some go for the  
rubber sole you'll  
find on shoes from  
Dress Barn's wing tips  
(\$79.50) by Steve.

**THE LEAPER**  
The off-duty loafer  
is a good way to  
incorporate a bit of color  
into your outfit—both  
casual and fancy. Some  
even go for off-the-  
beat leather loafers  
(\$279) by the  
Frye Company.

**THE MONK STRAP**  
When in doubt, lighter  
browns are more casual than  
darker ones, and suede  
is more casual than polished  
leather. To downplay the  
inherent dressiness factor  
of monk straps, go with light  
brown suede. Suede monk  
straps (\$250) by Church's.

**THE ANGEL FOOT**  
The chukka, the  
simplest boot, and  
even the Wellies,  
especially if they're  
suede, can take  
a beating and still  
look good. Suede  
chukka boots (\$279)  
by Coach.

Top, from left: Cotton candy loafers (\$80) by Lema; Dr. Oetzer; cotton candy loafers (\$1,000) by Salvatore Ferragamo; cotton loafers (\$400) by Gucci; leather loafers (\$179) by A Stride.

## THE SHOCK RULES

**SHOCK NO. 400:** The year of the leather shoe is here. Like what kind of shoe do you want? **SHOCK NO. 11:** Black and white everything. Keep your white everything white. **SHOCK NO. 200:** The year of the white shoe. **SHOCK NO. 300:** The year of the white shoe. **SHOCK NO. 400:** The year of the white shoe. **SHOCK NO. 500:** The year of the white shoe. **SHOCK NO. 600:** The year of the white shoe. **SHOCK NO. 700:** The year of the white shoe. **SHOCK NO. 800:** The year of the white shoe. **SHOCK NO. 900:** The year of the white shoe. **SHOCK NO. 1000:** The year of the white shoe.

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## ASK NICK SULLIVAN

THE ESQUIRE FASHION DIRECTOR WILL NOW TAKE YOUR QUESTIONS

P

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR A WHITE DRESS SHIRT THAT IS THE SAME COLOR WHITE ON THE PLACKET AS IN THE BODY OF THE SHIRT. THIS APPEARS TO BE QUITE A CHORE. ANY IDEAS?

IRA SHIMAN, CHICAGO, IL

→ Well, all white shirts should be the same from placket to body. I think what you're finding is that because the placket (Giles knows as the strip that holds the buttons) involves a double layer of cotton in its construction, it usually looks whiter than the body. (The body of the shirt being a touch see-through, in other words.) Instead of twice what's underneath it, i.e., your skin. What you need is a slightly thicker or denser cotton. Not single-try classic white-on-white from Brooks Brothers (Fig. 9), which tends not to suffer from show-through. The alternative is to wear a white undershirt.

WHAT SHOUL I DO WITH MY TWEED JACKET WHEN I AM DRIVING IN MY GOLF CARS (OR MY HAWAIIAN FRESH CAR)?

→ Opps. A. Take it off, and if you're hanging it, do so in a properly formed hanger that will maintain its shape—not one of those crumpled, very metal ones from the cleaners. Option B: Lay it flat on its chest. Option C: If you're driving away from the car, consider forgoing something comfortable for

the ride and changing into your toads when you get there. The driver's seat is no place for tweed jackets.

I'VE NOTICED THAT SEVERAL MEN IN THE HOLIDAY HAVE LETTERMAN (Fig. 3), ARE LEAVING THE TIP OF THEIR TIE ABOUT TWO INCHES ABOVE THEIR BELT BUCKLE. IS THIS A TREND?

LARRY OLSON, TUCSON, ARIZ.

→ No, Larry, it must certainly be not. And looks for spelling it. (You can now join our no-corned observatory panel.) The tip of your tie should dance just about the middle of your belt buckle. An inch here or there is not going to cause you major problems, but much more than that will. Sometimes it's caused by men wearing a shorter-length tie than they should—yes, ties can vary by as much as six or seven inches based on brand, store to store. Alternatively, on bigger men, ties have to compensate bellies, which can make a correct length of the come up short, as it so speak. Or they just tie it too short and they don't care. Either way, it isn't right.

FIG. 2



FIG. 3



WHAT'S THE APPROPRIATE FORMAL SHIRT AND TIE TO WEAR WITH A ONE-BUTTON PEEK-A-BOO TUCKER?

NATE WITHFIELD, HAZARD, THE BAHAMAS

→ Well, Nate (Withheld), the most straightforward and

FIG. 4  
Cotton jacket shirt (B&B)  
by Brooks Brothers



I HAVE A NICE CANALI LINEN SHIRT THAT I WOULD LIKE TO WEAR WITH A PAIR OF BURKE LOAFERS. LOCKED IS IT OKAY TO WEAR SUCK IN THE LAPEL SUNKIST?

JERRY LILLY, SAN RAMON, CALIF.

→ Absolutely. Burke is far better suited to spring and summer, when it's generally drier. (Rain, slush, and the like are the arch-enemies of suede.) Suede also has an inherently more casual look (Fig. 3). So by first-class (Fig. 3) about it than polished calf, which makes it ideal to wear with the rustic appearance of linen.

usually again—it always worked for another international man of mystery, James Bond—in the pop-of-the-week white cotton evening shirt with a matching prop (aka more old) turned-down collar, and able at the likes of Thomas Pink.

IS THERE A CORRELATION BETWEEN ADOPTED DO GAMES AND THE SANDALS AND SOCKS?

DOAN W. GIMMOND, DENTON, MASS.

→ Sandals at the beach. YES. Sandals with socks. NO. That about covers it.

I LOVE DOUBLE-BREASTED SUITS—ARE THEY IN BETTER? CAN THEY STILL BE WORN?

DAVID BERN, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

→ See page 100.

GET A QUESTION FOR ASK NICK SULLIVAN? E-MAIL HIM AT [ASKNICK@ESQUIRE.COM](mailto:ASKNICK@ESQUIRE.COM).



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## THE DIRECTOR

MASSIMILIANO GIORNETTI AND THE NEVER-ENDING STORIES  
OF SALVATORE FERRAGAMO

**T**HERE'S A FAMILY-established luxury house like Salvatore Ferragamo through the Wild-ernesse, choppy seas of 21st-century fashion in no mean feat. Yet for Massimiliano Giornetti, the creative director of Salvatore Ferragamo, a firm and consistent voice—and a clear sense of the characters and stories he wants to create with each collection—has proven a far more powerful weapon than a savvy grasp of fleeting trend trends. “A fashion show is more like a one-minute movie,” he explains. “When I’m putting a collection together, I tend to think of it as a story, and with each collection I make a portrait of a man from the ground up.”

Take, for instance, his spring/summer 2012 collection. I visited Giornetti in his Milan office back in June, the day before he presented the latest move to the world, and the collector’s palette of white, off-white, and washed-out blues and greys, to

Custom melon-colored jacket (\$1,400),  
cashmere sweater (\$290), cotton  
overalls (\$590), and leather shoes  
(\$170) by Salvatore Ferragamo



say nothing of its masterful play of textures, speaks of the continued leaning in men’s fashion toward anything but work or utilitarian. “I thought of an artist in the South of France in the 1930s,” he says of spring’s main character. “Some man who is deeply bohemian but always well dressed.” Many of Giornetti’s online fans—note the awe that’s in stores now—tend to have that whiff of the ‘30s about them, with their easy combination of colored and casual clothing and their heavy dose of Guilty-by-association glamour. “Few people think about it, but the 1930s was a time of great developments in fashion; it was then that a new kind of femininity both was developed. It was elegant and in good taste but extremely comfortable.”

In other words: It was all very Italian. A native of Tuscany, Giornetti studied in Florence and has lately worked anywhere else—after ten years of focusing exclusively on men’s clothes at Ferragamo, Giornetti was named creative director of the brand in 2010, giving him jurisdiction over the women’s side, too. He is as firmly rooted in the city as Ferragamo itself, whose headquarters in Palazzo degli Strozzi, a fortified medieval palazzo right in the center of town. “The connection with Florence is vital for a house like Ferragamo,” he explains. “It’s why, when Salvatore Ferragamo had made his name in Hollywood and returned to Italy to grow the business, he chose Florence for its long-standing history and the availability of precious skills.” That artisanal flair remains central to Ferragamo’s DNA, especially its shoes and leather goods—a Florentine specialty.

There is something reassuringly old school about the way Giornetti puts his collections together: He arranges clothes devoid of runway gimmicks but loaded with clever ideas. And, behind it, always, is an expert touch on cloth and cutting. As a result, his collections tend to look both timeless and timely, which, at a moment when a somewhat romantic aesthetic is front and center in men’s fashion, is a story most everyone wants to hear. —Nick Balthus



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Clarks



A THOUSAND WORDS  
By STEVEN MACEOT



# WHAT OSAMA BIN LADEN LEFT BEHIND

THE END OF TERRORISM

Even though Osama bin Laden now mercifully roasts at the bottom of the sea, he continues to haunt us. Try as we might to deny him a memory, he looms at every report—I think of his last costly blast (see with his hand in the eyes every time I remember) both real place my shoes on his. The shoe that has killed tonight today him will always be the part of Lower Manhattan where the Twin Towers stood once. He once made the world. He will always remain. But at the two-year anniversary of September 11 approaches, as the danger of violence called history begins to open between him and us, perhaps the profound irony that defined his life on earth will begin to emerge. Despite all the evil, despite the masses of innocent and beautiful people whose lives he ruined, Osama bin Laden unconsciously made the world safer.

Nowhere is this clearer than in the transformation of terrorism itself. Globally, OBL has caused a widespread rejection of the pleasure of spectacular violence. The profound attraction to that pleasure was one of the defining tendencies of the nineteenth

and twentieth centuries. In 1872, Dostoevsky's *The Possessed* predicted the workings of every terrorist group that was to follow, up to and including the plot to assassinate, stupid men whose resentment would be thought to be the only of government's violence. The Unabomber (it) was a big fan of Dostoevsky, perhaps because of the author's precision about how terrorism works: that it does not produce mass support for a political cause but rather a forced reckoning with race, who can at achieve recognition any other way. More than almost every nationalist movement of the twentieth century, successful or unsuccessful, relied on terrorism: the Irish, the Algerians, the Basques, the Palestinians, the South Africans, even the French-Canadians. America, too, has had its Weathermen and its Black Liberation Army and its survivalists, and that



PHOTO  
One of the 9/11 bombers  
found to be  
the same  
agent in which  
a school  
bulletin board  
to OBL's "I  
was a close  
friend and a  
close friend  
of a new  
conception  
of life."

**THE EVENTS THAT  
SHAPED BIN LADEN**  
FROM CUTE KID TO CUNTER TO BANGSH  
FROM BANGSH TO FIGHTER TO  
KILLER OF THOUSANDS

**1957**  
Osama bin Laden  
is born in a  
tribe of  
Waziristan  
in Pakistan.  
His father  
is a  
wealthy  
merchant.

**1979**  
OBL is  
sent to  
the  
Islamic  
University  
in Medina,  
Saudi Arabia,  
to study  
Islam.

**1981**  
The bin Laden  
family moves  
to Saudi Arabia.  
OBL is  
sent to  
the Islamic  
University  
in Medina,  
Saudi Arabia,  
to study  
Islam.

**1988**  
OBL joins  
the  
Islamic  
University  
in Medina,  
Saudi Arabia,  
to study  
Islam.

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SMART  
ENOUGH  
FOR IT?

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Cube is hard?  
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BY SAM SMITH



## BEST HANDLING 2012 PORSCHE CAYMAN R

Like fine food or artwork, handling is a subjective thing. You can quantify a suspension's performance, measuring lateral acceleration, but you can't attach a number as to how easy a car is to drive quickly. Or how it makes you feel.

Enough with the Porsche Cayman R. You know that it is Special. Tip over Nigel Tufel says that his steps go to 10! The 339-hp, 3,685-pound R goes to 0 in 4.2 or 2.90. This is the rare machine that makes gods of ordinary men, a coast-to-coast, unflappable corner monster that even a professional racer would have trouble finding fault with. And it's as forgiving of mistakes as they come. If you crash this, you are the type of person who could get yourself in fire-making soup.

The ladies here select the base Cayman as much more than good. Which makes the R model the equivalent of absquatling an eight-inch Warbel to the point where it can now through the USG Zone. The R—depending on whom you ask at Porsche, the letter stands for Race, Refinement, or just Really Fling Good—was created through subtle changes: aluminum door sills here, stiffer springs and dampers there, and so on. But like all great cars, it's more than the sum of its parts. It's a singular, connected piece, a road-engined rock star that snarls and dances its way into your heart. **MSRP, \$42,900. 800-999-9999 (P911)**

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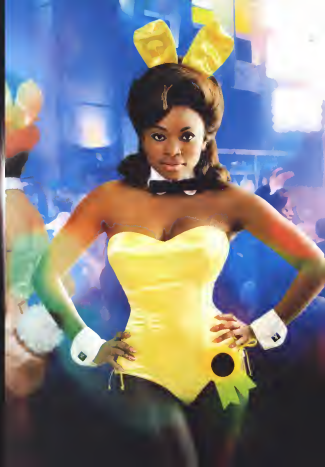
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**CAR OF**  
**TWO YEARS**  
**PREVIEW**

2011 DODGE CHALLENGER SRT8 392

Decades after the launch of the first musclecar, we remain enthralled with the drive. The basic recipe—ordinary wheels, for too much engine, glass over any flaws, and call it done—remains, despite the march of political correctness. Muscle cars, especially from Detroit, continue to be defined by their power plants. And this year, the 470-

Chrysler's original 382, a V-8 introduced in 1957, powered some of the heaviest drag-racing machines ever seen. Don "Big Daddy" Garliser used one to break the 100-mile barrier in 1964, and Don "the Snake" Prather

twist is it with draggers named Ron and awkwardly rode one to dominance. 1980s Top Fuel racing: Compared with those primitive mules, the new NH is stuporously advanced, asymphony is variable confining. It's also more powerful than its predecessor, a 6.1-liter Hemi not known for being a slouch.

Chiefly, however, the JVI is belied in its appearance of a cat, in SRT's form, the Challenger weighs more than one ton. It comports itself well for its size, but it's still a pooky, dweezy beast. The 382 maxcruze because it makes you not care. It's a thud drive, freerocker and has dogwood



◆ To nail with sublets, 200 cubic inches and minimum 1000 ft. that amount of soil.

plow, a hammer that flattens anything in its path. The Chalmenger isn't a reach power, by the 100 as possessed by it, Linda Blair-style. You could stuff this thing into a washing machine and it'd still be a thrill!

1984, 1985, 12/78 MFOS

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WELCOMING DEEP-TOE**

JOHN CHEVY CHAMBER  
COMPOSITE

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includes the top**

is your car wandering out of your lane, it'll only apply the brakes on the opposite side of the car, nudging you into their lane. It actually works in



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# MEET GERMANY'S ORIGINAL ROCKSTARS



Culture is not made in a moment. But that is where it starts. Over 150 years ago in a small town in Germany called Kaisersberg five guys had an idea: to bring to life a new taste that only existed in their long noses.

To achieve this goal, only the best would do. So they culled the finest brewmasters, married high and low for the finest pale barley malt and picked



only the choicest hops at the height of harvest. All brewed with their own soft water. Before long their cherished brew became the favorite of kings and emperors the world over. If you want to meet Germany's original rockstars, you just have to taste their masterpiece.

Welcome to the Culture of Taste. Over a century in the making, please savor slowly. We're in no rush.



THE CULTURE OF TASTE SINCE 1872

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ESQWIRE  
TEN YEARS LATER

THE

AFTER A DECADE, IT'S HARD TO TELL WHO THE CAPTIVES ARE—US OR THEM. HERE

PRISONERS

WE FOLLOW PRISONER TOT TO FIND OUT HOW THE UNLUCKY MEN GOT TO THE ISLAND

OF

PRISON, AND WHETHER IT'LL EVER BE POSSIBLE FOR US ALL TO LEAVE. BY TYLER CROFT

GUANTANAMO

MAN IS BORN IN THE 1960s, but in the wrong place. His life is untouched by modernity, and in fact the people who live where he lives—mostly nomads or nomads or subsistence farmers—carry on as they have for a thousand years. Compared even with the people in this arid Sudanese borderland west of the Red Sea he is poor. He is illiterate, can't even tell you when he was born, and after his parents die when he is a child, he doesn't think to ask why. It's simple: People don't live long, and then they die. The movements of his life are dictated by elemental concerns—what to eat, where to sleep. He collects what he finds and trades what he can—sticks, cardboard, tattered robes, tires. And when your abiding interests are so basic, you likely don't have time for something so luxurious as a personal history or self-regard. He makes no claims for himself, possesses nothing resembling the Western notion of ambition. He has no notion of the outside world—knows little of







place as jihad. The men who run the camp subscribe to defensive jihad, the idea that all Muslims have an obligation to protect themselves and other Muslims from attack. This is not

There is a profound sense of isolation, of remoteness, to Khaldun. And for six years the men come and go, hundreds, perhaps thousands as the years pass. The herdsmen stay the same, the living rills come each winter, and each winter Nasir knows what the camp needs to make it through—how much firewood to gather for warmth, how much food. He has a job and a purpose. He doesn't ask questions. In 1995, Osama bin Laden moves his operations to Afghanistan and becomes a hero in his own camp. Nasir sees bin and does his job.



The home is a store of things pulled by riverside boats, including that double as a watchtower. The only color is a blue that appears now and then on people, since the swimmers have been here for three weeks. Others for just a few days. In the kitchen there are vegetables, some (dishes) and rice, widely consumed all over and plenty. There's a stove but beyond wood and little fuel. The man on top the floor is also where they pray. When they wash. One of the men, Ghadim al Warth, a Saudi who studied at a seminary college in Arizona, and knows English, teaches some of the others. New words on the English vocabulary and some a little similar to the one he had at Khadim. — he goes the food, water, and even the safe house had the supplies. No. Further up. They are safe, there is food and a place to sleep, but little more to do than pray and wait.

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**MOST OF THE 779 MEN WHO WOUND UP AT GUANTÁNAMO WERE LIKE NOOR—LOW-LEVEL, INCONSEQUENTIAL, POSSESSED OF NOTHING USEFUL TO THE UNITED STATES NOR POSING ANY PARTICULAR DANGER.**

They cannot see what is happening elsewhere in the house, but they can hear. Shouting on the stairwell, huge bangs as the metal door is slammed shut, the sound of a hammer hitting a nail, the hammering legs pounds the reinforced upper door. Then the sound of hunger bellowing, metal growl, and the sounds of a man gulping as a knife is thrust into his neck. Five commodes, stands in Punjab as the commodes stream through the door and upon the roof. Then the sound of Kaushik firing. Gravity takes him from there. Two things on the ground, both surrounding the body as it landed, the other—Babry's life—wounded by them as the leg, groin, and stomach, but still held in place. A voice came from the Korbali. He killed one man.

He has the look of a man kept in a  
prison, his eyes wide in shock. He  
has a chest with his name. The flash  
is the kitchen, out of the house, and

[illegible]

en didn't interfere  
 in running up their federal  
 deficit of \$1.6 trillion.  
 He said that the new  
**Code of Decence** solved  
 the problem by making  
 it a crime to  
 spend that size of a  
 deficit in a just no way  
 as serious as  
 that. It doesn't help  
 to push the  
 deficit and interest rate  
 (paying the next  
 year). They're bringing  
 new laws of  
 the code of design, food  
 together in a global  
 using their insights at  
 the time to influence. Are you  
 unique system? TV

[illegible]

```

graph TD
    A[Technology Adoption Process] --> B[Perceived Usefulness]
    A --> C[Perceived Ease of Use]
    A --> D[Perceived Social Influence]
    B --> E[Attitude Toward Using Technology]
    C --> E
    D --> E
    E --> F[Behavioral Intention]
    F --> G[Actual Use]
    G --> H[Performance]
    H --> I[Productivity]
    I --> J[Profitability]
    J --> K[Competitive Advantage]
    K --> L[Market Share]
    L --> M[Customer Satisfaction]
    M --> N[Retention]
    N --> O[Repeat Purchase]
    O --> P[Word of Mouth]
    P --> Q[New Customers]
    Q --> R[Market Expansion]
    R --> S[Global Reach]
    S --> T[Increased Sales]
    T --> U[Revenue Growth]
    U --> V[Profitability]
    V --> W[Competitive Advantage]
    W --> X[Market Share]
    X --> Y[Customer Satisfaction]
    Y --> Z[Retention]
    Z --> AA[Repeat Purchase]
    AA --> AB[Word of Mouth]
    AB --> AC[New Customers]
    AC --> AD[Market Expansion]
    AD --> AE[Global Reach]
    AE --> AF[Increased Sales]
    AF --> AG[Revenue Growth]
    AG --> AH[Profitability]
    AH --> AI[Competitive Advantage]
    AI --> AJ[Market Share]
    AJ --> AK[Customer Satisfaction]
    AK --> AL[Retention]
    AL --> AM[Repeat Purchase]
    AM --> AN[Word of Mouth]
    AN --> AO[New Customers]
    AO --> AP[Market Expansion]
    AP --> AQ[Global Reach]
    AQ --> AR[Increased Sales]
    AR --> AS[Revenue Growth]
    AS --> AT[Profitability]
    AT --> AU[Competitive Advantage]
    AU --> AV[Market Share]
    AV --> AW[Customer Satisfaction]
    AW --> AX[Retention]
    AX --> AY[Repeat Purchase]
    AY --> AZ[Word of Mouth]
    AZ --> BA[New Customers]
    BA --> BB[Market Expansion]
    BB --> BC[Global Reach]
    BC --> BD[Increased Sales]
    BD --> BE[Revenue Growth]
    BE --> BF[Profitability]
    BF --> BG[Competitive Advantage]
    BG --> BH[Market Share]
    BH --> BI[Customer Satisfaction]
    BI --> BJ[Retention]
    BJ --> BK[Repeat Purchase]
    BK --> BL[Word of Mouth]
    BL --> BM[New Customers]
    BM --> BN[Market Expansion]
    BN --> BO[Global Reach]
    BO --> BP[Increased Sales]
    BP --> BQ[Revenue Growth]
    BQ --> BR[Profitability]
    BR --> BS[Competitive Advantage]
    BS --> BT[Market Share]
    BT --> BU[Customer Satisfaction]
    BU --> BV[Retention]
    BV --> BW[Repeat Purchase]
    BW --> BX[Word of Mouth]
    BX --> BY[New Customers]
    BY --> BZ[Market Expansion]
    BZ --> C1[Global Reach]
    C1 --> C2[Increased Sales]
    C2 --> C3[Revenue Growth]
    C3 --> C4[Profitability]
    C4 --> C5[Competitive Advantage]
    C5 --> C6[Market Share]
    C6 --> C7[Customer Satisfaction]
    C7 --> C8[Retention]
    C8 --> C9[Repeat Purchase]
    C9 --> C10[Word of Mouth]
    C10 --> C11[New Customers]
    C11 --> C12[Market Expansion]
    C12 --> C13[Global Reach]
    C13 --> C14[Increased Sales]
    C14 --> C15[Revenue Growth]
    C15 --> C16[Profitability]
    C16 --> C17[Competitive Advantage]
    C17 --> C18[Market Share]
    C18 --> C19[Customer Satisfaction]
    C19 --> C20[Retention]
    C20 --> C21[Repeat Purchase]
    C21 --> C22[Word of Mouth]
    C22 --> C23[New Customers]
    C23 --> C24[Market Expansion]
    C24 --> C25[Global Reach]
    C25 --> C26[Increased Sales]
    C26 --> C27[Revenue Growth]
    C27 --> C28[Profitability]
    C28 --> C29[Competitive Advantage]
    C29 --> C30[Market Share]
    C30 --> C31[Customer Satisfaction]
    C31 --> C32[Retention]
    C32 --> C33[Repeat Purchase]
    C33 --> C34[Word of Mouth]
    C34 --> C35[New Customers]
    C35 --> C36[Market Expansion]
    C36 --> C37[Global Reach]
    C37 --> C38[Increased Sales]
    C38 --> C39[Revenue Growth]
    C39 --> C40[Profitability]
    C40 --> C41[Competitive Advantage]
    C41 --> C42[Market Share]
    C42 --> C43[Customer Satisfaction]
    C43 --> C44[Retention]
    C44 --> C45[Repeat Purchase]
    C45 --> C46[Word of Mouth]
    C46 --> C47[New Customers]
    C47 --> C48[Market Expansion]
    C48 --> C49[Global Reach]
    C49 --> C50[Increased Sales]
    C50 --> C51[Revenue Growth]
    C51 --> C52[Profitability]
    C52 --> C53[Competitive Advantage]
    C53 --> C54[Market Share]
    C54 --> C55[Customer Satisfaction]
    C55 --> C56[Retention]
    C56 --> C57[Repeat Purchase]
    C57 --> C58[Word of Mouth]
    C58 --> C59[New Customers]
    C59 --> C60[Market Expansion]
    C60 --> C61[Global Reach]
    C61 --> C62[Increased Sales]
    C62 --> C63[Revenue Growth]
    C63 --> C64[Profitability]
    C64 --> C65[Competitive Advantage]
    C65 --> C66[Market Share]
    C66 --> C67[Customer Satisfaction]
    C67 --> C68[Retention]
    C68 --> C69[Repeat Purchase]
    C69 --> C70[Word of Mouth]
    C70 --> C71[New Customers]
    C71 --> C72[Market Expansion]
    C72 --> C73[Global Reach]
    C73 --> C74[Increased Sales]
    C74 --> C75[Revenue Growth]
    C75 --> C76[Profitability]
    C76 --> C77[Competitive Advantage]
    C77 --> C78[Market Share]
    C78 --> C79[Customer Satisfaction]
    C79 --> C80[Retention]
    C80 --> C81[Repeat Purchase]
    C81 --> C82[Word of Mouth]
    C82 --> C83[New Customers]
    C83 --> C84[Market Expansion]
    C84 --> C85[Global Reach]
    C85 --> C86[Increased Sales]
    C86 --> C87[Revenue Growth]
    C87 --> C88[Profitability]
    C88 --> C89[Competitive Advantage]
    C89 --> C90[Market Share]
    C90 --> C91[Customer Satisfaction]
    C91 --> C92[Retention]
    C92 --> C93[Repeat Purchase]
    C93 --> C94[Word of Mouth]
    C94 --> C95[New Customers]
    C95 --> C96[Market Expansion]
    C96 --> C97[Global Reach]
    C97 --> C98[Increased Sales]
    C98 --> C99[Revenue Growth]
    C99 --> C100[Profitability]
    C100 --> C101[Competitive Advantage]
    C101 --> C102[Market Share]
    C102 --> C103[Customer Satisfaction]
    C103 --> C104[Retention]
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**IN THE CASE** in Lahore where he and the others live and sleep for two months, he's interrogated for days at a time without being fed. When not being questioned, Noor and the others beg the Pakistani guards to pull weeds or break glass from the ground outside so they might have something to eat. The guards accept and if possible, they hand out a small piece of food.

But there are other worries, other dark fears. Knowing a tipster, Noor had heard about the security forces in Egypt and about how they would take people from the streets and make them disappear. In his cage in Lahore, Noor thinks about what it would be like to disappear and never be heard from again.

At Begun Air Base, where the prisoner is transferred, Noor has a bag placed over his head, his arms suspended from the ceiling by chains, or else the opposite, feet and hands bolted to the floor, knees bent, a nose stuck to the wall. At times the air is still, but it is turned to freezing, his clothes stripped away. These are the good days, because as uncomfortable as he is, he knows what is happening. He has begun to comprehend his situation. The worst is when the guards rush in at night and push him against the wall and tell him that his test has come—he's going off to Egypt with the others. He will disappear.

The night in Guantanamo is more than twenty hours. He is hooded and handcuffed to the other men, unable to move, unable to urinate. When he awakes, he is taken to Camp 5. There he is locked up in solitary and interrogated daily. He has no idea what will happen to him, what his future could be, whether anyone even knows he's here. He only knows what to fear—the interrogation room, where the men sit in a line, he feels like his head is being beaten. And then, once smaller rooms, with no mirrors or blanket or clothes. You could be left in there for days, forgotten.

Noor is moved to Camp 4. He is still kept in solitary, but some of the worst treatment ends, the men become more relaxed, and the days pile up. This is a relief, but he has begun to change physically. There are nightmares. He replays the raid, the use of heat of interrogation. But other things, too. He feels he's all the time. Also he has become blind and nauseous, his digestive system never quite right, always on the verge.

The body has signs of coping with stress. A trigger pulls a pistol in your ear is videotaped and when the cortisol immediately flood your system. Your heart rate increases and your breath quickens so oxygen can reach your muscles faster. Glucose is released into your bloodstream, a boost of energy to aid in escape. And your breath lends the memory of a hammer called glucocorticoids and catecholamines increase so that you remember the situation and avoid it in the future.

Altogether in the process by which the body constantly adjusts its hormone levels to maintain stable. Albeit the body reacts when the stress overwhelms that co-

trails the flow of cortisol and adrenaline gets stuck in the on position. Doctors who have spent time treating Guantanamo detainees call this "Guantanamo spinal issue."

In May 2008, six years after he arrived, Noor is still charged with conspiracy and supporting terrorism. The penalty is life imprisonment. He does not trust his lawyers, he does not trust anyone, but he now he is in Camp 4. Here the brothers live communally, up to six men in a room. Life gets considerably better. Noor takes classes, reads and studies. There is a playground and a soccer field. And yet one thing doesn't change—the not knowing. He is trapped in a legal system that seems to change by the day. There is no end to his confinement in sight. Five months later, in October, the charges are slightly dropped after a lead prosecutor resigns, citing a series of concerns, claiming that the military has been withholding exculpatory evidence in the case against a child soldier from Afghanistan. Two months later, a month before President Obama will take office, the charges against Noor are reinstated.

At Noor's military-commission trial in February 2011, many observers will comment how odd it is that he doesn't stand when his lawyers stand. What they don't know is that he is not able.



**WEDNESDAY NIGHT** is the night of enlightenment. And on Thursday, the brothers are together and Noor is usually quiet, spends his time alone reading and watching the Koran. But on Thursday nights he joins his brothers in singing outside. They come together out of their cells and sing softly. Noor sings loud, his dark face turned to the sky. He comes home, his voice rising into the Caribbean night.

Between the brothers are the police or the police. Noor has a brother. It is about Adnan, the local name for his extended brother in Sudan. The Sudanese brother is a man, and a man is a man. They can war and want and want, their forbearance is between the police in about Adnan. Adnan is the brother who is a schoolteacher. Adnan says, "I don't have anything in my pocket."

"Then give me your watch?"  
"I am not wearing a watch."  
"Then give me a cigarette?"  
"I don't smoke."  
"What do you do for work?"  
"I am a schoolteacher."

Adnan then sits on the ground and says, "Give me a hundred dollars. I will give you something out of you."

Noor breaks out in laughter, his face beaming. It is the last evening a week he allows himself the pleasure of small things.

"You must be patient," he tells the brothers. "Living here is a punishment. God tests humans in three lives to know their faith and patience." The brothers hear this and they are sure he is perceiving with calm and patience, and they are inspired. He is serving the God for all of them.



THE NEW MEN'S TEE. A FIT YOU CAN'T IGNORE.

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They come to him for counseling on other matters, too. His is an older, the other men depend upon, his advice always honest but never dispassionate. When some of the brothers go on a food strike, he tells them that he does not believe eating will solve their problems. But he also sleeps more peacefully with a sense of solidarity and purpose. "I cannot say that they are going on a food strike," he says. Some of the brothers spit on the guards as they walk by, they throw urine and feces on them. He tells the brothers, "When I found a guard, I am not convinced that that is a good thing to do." He tells them, "I respect your convictions, but it's not something I want to do."

Some days after morning recreation Noor spends an hour with his brother-in-law on a power walk in the park, the high-backed wire fence stretching to the sky, the smell of the ocean strong. They talk about home and success, Noor recounting games he played as a young boy and trips to the social club, watching his favorite team, Al-Hilal. They reminisce about Ramadan and Kilo 8, where the teenage boys would gather each camp and evening Ramadan meals of salads, millet pudding, and fish-meat, the spicy drink that is on every table in Dubai.

"You should not be in jail," he tells brother Adel, from their father. "You did not do anything, you are respected people, like an older brother. It is useless for that someone your age would be here." To brother Mustafa from Khiroum, he makes a request: "If you ever get out and meet my niece and nephews remind them to be of good morals."

He does not like to waste his time on television. He is often silent. He reads and studies and thanks and prays to Allah. Because this he knows: Whether he will get out of here or not is Allah's will.

**THE COURTROOM LOOKS** like a prefabricated barn, a light-yellow box made of metal siding surrounded on every side by barred wire. Arranged at either end of the box, tables for the defense and prosecution teams, five trailers for five defendants. The courtroom was specially built to try the 9/11 plotters concurrently and broadcast the proceedings to the world. Inside, it is outfitted with a monitor box and large screen monitors and sound system that can be delayed so that someone can make classified information before it reaches the journalists who sit behind triple-paneled, soundproof hurricane glass.

Noor sits in the front row with his defense team. His robe white, his cap blue, his tie a light jacket that he wears when he gets cold. He sits and fidgets, he can't sit and work. He speaks the most of the charges, but simply one thing. *Maana Ya Ya*. You be underneath the charges, you be pleads guilty, you be knows what those means, you be has seen the translation, you be has made the decision to plead guilty on his own, yes, yes, yes, yes. Over and over again, he is prompted to tell the judge that he is guilty, that nobody has made him plead guilty. Yes, yes, yes, I did it. And then he sits, his gaze down to the left, away from his own trial and the judge and his legal team, a physician in a custom-built \$42 million courtroom. It is not that he's uninterested in his fate. It is that his fate has already been decided. Everyone knows this. Despite what has been agreed upon and signed behind closed doors, he must still stand trial, he must still be publicly sentenced. He must be patient, let the lawyers and government do what they need to do.

Virtually overnight the prosecution team has doubled, tripled in size. Whereas two young JAGs lay you spent months researching the case, the big teams are there up for court, seven men huddled around the prosecution tables. Nobody wants to miss the trial, nobody wants to be left out of history and the photo op after.

Arthur Gordon steps before the jury. He is tall, brown hair, bald head, wire-rimmed glasses, a mustache. They come under, second-generation Iraqi descent, he walks with the swagger and confidence of a man I am sure to be right. His grin shows that he knows it.

"Barristers are not born, they are made," he tells the jury. "Well Noor has made hundreds of them." Noor does not move, does not flinch, he simply sits and waits.

Over three days, the government makes its case. Exhibits in which terrorists are made. By working them, Noor was cultivating terrorism. There are photos of bomb switches prepared to explode the large screens and pictures of cards rigged to explode when opened, all items found in the safe house. The stories of these terrorists are explained in detail over hours during each day. Mohamed al-Owhabi, who helped blow up the U.S. embassy in Nairobi, Ahmed Ressam, who plotted to bring down LAX during the millennium celebration, Zuhair al-Muqawi, who the government of one year past posted was the twentieth in liquidation. Noor did not know what would become of these men, but he did each one for them.

The defense counters. Noor has opened up to working at Khalid but shouldn't be charged for the crimes of others. He shouldn't be forced to be made culpable for 9/11. Noor's posture does not change, the figure in perfect white robes simply sits. Whether the spectators see for argument him does not matter. Noor has nothing of the terror plots carved out by his partners after they left Khalid, the defense continues. He should not be held responsible for them, nor for the actions of Abu Zubaydah in the safe house. Of the 1,000 fingerprints taken from the second story, where the bombs were being made, not one belongs to Noor. He didn't see them, he didn't build them and has never been accused of such. He needed a prompt. He would go to his house.

Well, Noor wants to go home, which is why he is saying nothing. Let the lawyers argue, let the government press and justify his involvement, let 9/11 survivors and military families take solace in his guilty plea, let the journalists and human-rights observers denounce the common system. It does not matter to him. The politics of this bizarre trial are not his concern.

After three days, the jury comes back with its sentence. Noor receives patches blue jackets on "Warriors years." He is cautious. The jury is led from the room, and his plea deal is awarded, the red sentence read. Thirty-four months. Ten charges for plotting and conspiring to be interviewed by the FBI under oath, Noor will be released in less than three years.

He is led out of the courtroom and into transport van. Outside, in competing press conferences, the government celebrates its victory and enrolls the virtues of the common system while the human-rights observers denounce the common system. They would have had Noor fight the charges, even if it meant another six, seven, or eight years waiting for a trial.

Meanwhile back in his cell in Camp 6, Noor thinks about none of this. He is mostly pacifying his longing for his family, his prayers for them. For the first time in nearly ten years, there is a sentence and an end point. He knows how much longer he must be patient. One thousand and twenty days. Twenty-four thousand four hundred eighty hours.

He is happy

[continued on page 192]

WHOEVER SAID  
"DON'T SWEAT THE SMALL STUFF"  
**DOESN'T**  
WORK HERE



THE NEW 2011 JOURNEY

**DODGE** NEVER NEUTRAL

# Esquire

A LONG RIDE THROUGH A DANGEROUS  
WORLD OF SKELETONS, ROLLER  
COASTERS, FAST CARS, SLOW TALK,  
BONKERS CANDY, STREET CRAWLERS,  
LOVE PARADES, AND FREAK SHOWS  
WITH RYAN GOSLING, THE MOST...  
AMUSED MAN IN MOVIES

WELCOME TO

# GOSLINGLAND

BY TOM CHIARELLA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PEROU

IN COLLABORATION WITH RYAN GOSLING

PG. 128

PORTRAIT  
OF RYAN  
GOSLING WITH  
SKELETONS.  
BY 91

THE ACTOR, FASCINATED BY  
HISSELF AT THE TIME,  
AS A BOB FOSDICK-ESQUE  
PERFORMER. PICTURED OF HIS  
MOMENT (GRAND) TITLES PICTURED  
AND THEIR INTERVIEWER



# 4:08 P.M. GREENWICH VILLAGE

First thing? Yes, Ryan Gosling will drive. It's a Corvett—and one, too, easy and low-slung, swiveling for him outside, gripping the cross-town street like a muscle. The afternoon air gets thready and wet with the deep ricksh of that engine. That's not to say Gosling doesn't make an effort to share the wheels—a sports car with traction control, no after-damaged, and a Friday with no particular place to go—such as this.

So he profiles the key life bits, says, "You wanna drive?" as if he, the opportunist, believes in the night, doesn't know better. "I actually don't own one where we're going," but that's easy Gosling says, down the FDR, through the Battery Tunnel to Brooklyn, then along the curl of the Belt Parkway past Sheepshead Bay and Coney Island, uncertainties except, just the people making good and bad when he will consider a little more driving. The reason for that: He remembers Steve McQueen as an unorthodox lugate and unaccount face-stomper in the pulpy-poor new drive-able Drive (last September 16), and he learned the contours of the roads. He's going to show off a few. And after that it's back to Manhattan. This being Friday, a suburban day of thanks-to-God, and this being a 90 s w., the penitentiary smog roll of the workweek, even a newly named New Yorker like Ryan Gosling knows that road traffic will be murder.

He's brought a mask, pitched in his fingertips, as a gift. A fox. "I like that neighborhood," he says before he rolls the car eastward from its faded double-park. "Because I'm lucky enough to have a nice view from my two floors above." He thought a bunch of guys yesterday? Gosling shows a curious reverence for certain traditional supernatural items—ghosts, skeletons, hauntings in general. For weeks he has exchanged e-mails with the photographer who took the pictures for his story hoping to direct the shoot in a manner of exploring how it reveals him. That he doesn't say "I'm a little more nervous." He says the scene of his film after he's given it away, calm, and says, "You don't have to wear it."

Last year Gosling, who is thirty, became a star by way of an under-the-skin that went relatively large, like Valentino, in which he played Dean, the drunk housepainter and half-decent father, patching the guy's emotional cardboard walls to a malice, both grand and petty. This summer he stepped into big-budget comedy as a self-absorbed man—much opposite Steve Carell in Crazy, Stupid, Love. He's based on that day, and in this way he's able to make his point that Cal, his character in *The Notebook* Oct. 10, *The Notebook*. The one movie that allows people to dredge his previous from the recesses of their long-term memory to answer his name from their palates. This is a man, the world, the night at his face, get lost in there without the *Notebook* in reference. If the wooden three-day remembrance of Titanic matters in the last, then *The Notebook* may be the most important movie of the first half of this century. It says work to leave this guy, anyway. Everybody knows Ryan Gosling the very moment that movie is mentioned. It doesn't seem to bother him. He seems to take every moment seriously, and at the same time, he seems to be always on the verge of laughing, often cracking up.

"So I figure this will be kind of a road trip," Gosling says, as if the

nature of any moment were a simple question of it being casual. "We'll look for an adventure, right?"

## 4:28 P.M. HARRISON-ROTHMAN TUNNEL

It's a tunnel that would, given, and he's been reading them, applying some homemade splint. He pulls out his phone, thumbs his way through his photos, and says, "Look." It is the second floor of his apartment, and there is a skeleton, some white and translucent, standing, or hanging somehow in the window. "I made the table, too," Gosling says. "From a church door."

Seen from the passenger seat, he's somehow slight and earnest, young-looking. Slack down his hair and comb him over and he'd still be as small as the young bloodsuckers from the Disney revival of *The Monkey House Club*, which he stood in alongside Justin Timberlake, Christian Aguilera, and Britney Spears in the early nineties. The soft smile of his sister, the dreamer of his mother, the one there in the flashlight gray of the car's interior, being to mind. Late from Love and the Road Girl, a guy has been a primitive and ever-evolving love for a sea shell. That one came close on the heels of his Academy Award nomination for his role as a grade-school teacher in *Half/Notion*. These two men share a few things with their creator, in that they are unbecome, stronger than you think, and quiet to a fault.

## 5:14 P.M. NORTH ALBANY STREET JORDAN ALLEN STREET CAR

Gosling grows the lot. He looks left, as the rows of cars parked by what looks like a school. He's asked by the sign of a school bus on the other side of the same parking lot, or by the watched person standing, with hands on hips. There isn't a great deal of fear in him, which is not to suggest that he's particularly cool or clever or that he shows no judgment. He knows cars, having himself rebuilt the car he commanded in *Drive* while working at a garage in Hollywood. "It took forever," Gosling says. "This guy Pedro would sit there and tell me what to do, but he wouldn't touch the car. He just barked orders, and I followed them. But when we got to the transmission, he explained the whole thing without telling me. I was super upset. I got all tremed up. And Pedro said, 'I just put that transmission up as the last because I had to get some real jobs in here.' I respected that, but I told him, 'I have one doctor in my life outside the time to learn this.'"

Right now, in the Corvett, he's about to do reverse 180s and with two reverse glances he floors it as a reverse, finds his speed, then, smiling the head back and twisting the wheel hard to the left, he hits it. The car pushes itself into a small, tight road, which shakes every bit of the so-called into the sidewalk of the passenger door it hits, it makes you laugh, it makes you search for words to describe it. Gosling cannot help himself. He laughs. He jabs at the radio. "I think we



IN THE 'VETTE, HE'S ABOUT TO REVERSE 180, WITH TWO FURTIVE GLANCES HE FLOURS IT, YANKS THE HAND BRAKE, AND HITS IT



did that to *Travis Yearwood*," he says. This, all of this, makes him smile. And sure they finally did, he went to work for Disney. That just made it more vivid.

**6:19 P.M.**  
**ALL OVER AGAIN, GRASPING THE RAILING**

Know the feeling about Ryan Reynolds? Men loves candy. He speaks of it the way rock musicians write, he picks it from the shelves like he's working piano keys. He knows where it lives in the racks—low at first, above when display, beneath whenever chocolate appears there. (Gosling has no use for chocolate.) Five steps is he down, and one at the 7 Elevator, and in each case Ryan Gosling audits out the food. Japanese gelatin as it's lived on the block, as if he shaped there every day. It's very presence seems to comfort him. "That is the staff," he says, in a tale of two. Then he picks them on the counter. *Kanoodle* snap. *Meds* keeps, two packs of *10-Chews*, green apple and grape. He also feels strongly about *Hambo*, especially the mad flavored bag. "I like to call this the next level of candy," he says, with a shrewd grin. In his voice, other moaning seriousness or giving, in fact, a sensual smacking. Over and over again, he uses his eyes to say: Are you with me? He makes, even as he goes on. "Hi-Chew? Look at these! It's the candy that never gets eaten. This candy is always worth the price. There used to be a candy called *Donkies*, which I believe to be the greatest candy of all time." He goes on for both of us, with a watch. He says he can get it, and turns to the register before he continues. A girl stands at one end of the aisle, holding her phone up for a photo of an unknown. "For some reason, they discontinued *Donkies*. These are good, you'll say," he says, holding up the *10-Chews*. Then he hands me my coffee and says with a smile, "Super! All you do."

The girl moves the camera from front of her face. "Can I take a picture of you?" she asks. Gosling flashes his thought: "But that fact alone doesn't really justify the end of *Donkies*." Then he turns back to the girl, who grasps for his name and hands her camera. Gosling stands with his arms around her. "I know your name," she says, tilting her head to define. "I really do."

Gosling turns back home. "Sometimes I think that the one thing I have most about being an adult is the right to be civil where ever and whenever I want," he says. Then he takes the girl. "Which way to Disney Island?"

Her hand drops to her side, and she smiles and says, "Oh, I know! You're Paul Bettany!"

**6:50 P.M.**  
**STANDING IN LINE, GRASPING THE RAILING**

The streets are full with a long, long sunset, so that everything looks like it was someone. The line is not deserted—the park is open, but it's full to see so many here. The roller coaster deters upward in front of us. Gosling watches to, just right. He always looks like he's looking up and out, as if the world were his kind of racing spectacle. Then he yanks the parking brake and says, "If you could come a theme park, what would your theme be?" He goes to turn his head and says for an answer. It's hard to accept that he's really asking that he isn't just finding ways to turn the Q&A table by making an excuse to answer his own idea. He means it. He wants the answer. The notion dawned that Gosling is a teacher. He doesn't give a shit what some noise. The questioner didn't question me to him, and he wants to

be a witness, because he grew up in one that no one believed what he said. And sure they finally did, he went to work for Disney. That just made it more vivid.

"I went through puberty in a theme park," he says. He means Disney World, his first as a Mouseketeer. "I'm grateful. That place was a chance to me. I had adventures every day." So name of the world-weary adult writings about Disneyland and corporate middle-of-the-road from him. "Backstage at Disney World, there are stories. Mickey Mouse with his head off drinking coffee on break. Princes on the phone. Ghosts in line for food. It just made me a thing."

This is Disney Island. We'll be the beach, stroll to the water's edge, climb a ladder chair, sit on the beach. Gosling says *Kanoodle*. He wears by them same more, then says, "My theme park would be a theme park about living in a theme park." Like a behind-the-scenes thing? "Sort of more like the life I've lived so far," he says. Finally, Gosling says of the chair was the end, says to the water, picks his way out to the end of a jump, and appears to take a break. He faces the huge, brownish square with his hands on his hips, as if from behind he might just be some guy regarding the ocean as if the whole thing were his—a cultural explorer, or a workday. *Yes*, playing hooky from the office and feeling human.

"I failed," he says. "Too much pressure, even though nobody's watching. I got a job." He says up and turns back out there.

**7:04 P.M.**  
**STANDING IN LINE, GRASPING THE RAILING**

The key to everything in *The Notebook* is *Conny*—and that's what they call it, the kids who work there, interns, seniors, sixteen-year-old black kids in matching polo shirts and cheap baseball hats, working their summers, looking into long nights in sight of the ocean, sipping out time and school extra after—just plain *Conny*, so in "You? What you doing at Conny? You know you? Who are you? Let me think. *Conny*. Tarp, who is he? I know you, right? You a movie star, right? I just can't. What movie you in? *Conny*. What is your name? Why you at Conny all the summer?"

Through all this, Gosling smiles and nods. He's got some his, some a name response. I just have one of those, or, people say that the name is his name, never given it a way. Not that he's being difficult. He seems to enjoy pointing through this world is a vague representation of himself. But he's so difficult to describe. He says again to be fresh, does our bags, poses for more phone photos in one visit to the amusement park than most people do in a year. He's able about being recognized but not named. He really does have one of those faces. "It's like being in a dream. You don't know anybody but everybody knows you, everybody reacts to you. You can be walking a long in a dream through a pretty normal world, and then has, everything seems to be a response to your presence. Everything seems to be driven by you. And that's notable in first, and you feel with it. And then, and it happens every time—you become aware it's a dream. Right about then, when you think you have it figured, and that acknowledging that will make it make it inevitably becomes a nightmare."

Then there, this event at Conny, is now here near that stage. These kids are giving him plenty of room, letting time change it up with the name star they can't come. Movies of *Blue Valentine* does them no good. *Half Nelson*? *The Invention*? None of that works. The best that involves one little finger up on the spiral ring of a slushy, to a kid buying for a *Wet* "Notebook"? Where that from? *Notebook*. What's a notebook? *Notebook*! I know him. He's from *The Notebook*!







## On the morning of

September 11, 2001, editors and designers at Esquire were making final changes to the November issue. By midmorning, the November issue would change significantly—and so would the next ten years' worth of writing in the magazine. You could argue that every issue of Esquire (and most other means of expression in America) since then has been influenced by the effects of that morning. But in a literal sense, we published scores of major stories that arose entirely as a consequence of September 11. Many of them great stories, some of them among the greatest this magazine has ever published. To mark the tenth anniversary of the wrenching start to this era, we assembled this mosaic of fragments from almost forty of those stories. One set of tracks in the impossibly long road behind us.

**A plane has hit the World Trade Center, but I'm ok.** —E-mail from a lawyer, who remains missing to his wife, 8:51 a.m., September 11  
—E-mails from H&A, November 2001

"We kept running over body parts, the fireman whapped. He was staring into my eyes with a pleading look, as if seeking forgiveness. I mean, the job was to shock, you'd see things in the street, but you couldn't tell what they were until you ran over them. I mean, what the fuck were we supposed to do?"

I nodded, patted him on the shoulder, and when I did, he let out a single sharp sob, almost like a hiccup. I looked past him to the 116th or so other firemen waiting in a stacked nearby. —In Country, by Scott Anderson, November 2001

I stopped and said, "Don't look outside! Don't look outside!" The windows were stained with blood. Someone who'd jumped had fallen very close to the building.

It felt like my head was going to blow up. —The Survivor, What I've Learned: Michael Wright, interviewed by Cal Fussman, January 2002

You see, he always knew. He always knew that we were vulnerable, that an event as catastrophic as September 11 was not only likely but inevitable, that his Ladder's mission was here, among us, on our soil, plotting and waiting. According to legend—and the OSHA log—begin to take shape as soon as he was listed among the missing: he was talking about the immensity of a terrorist attack the night before he died. He was at Elmer's in New York and about to head out to the Chess Club when he was called to a friend and said, "We're due. It's gonna happen." —The Man Who Was Supposed to Save Us, by Tom Junod, March 2002

"We had flown out of Washington on the tenth of September, had arrived in Cusco to let the crew rest on the morning of the eleventh. We had the news on when the strike occurred on the World Trade towers. I'll remember it for two reasons. Because it was 9/11 and we saw what we saw. I'll also remember it because at we were handed booze, the crew was a bit recovered about whether we would be able to penetrate U.S. airports. At one point, my wife went up and had a conversation with the com-

municator's. Golly, indeed, "How's the flight going?" The young communicator looked up and said, "There is no traffic over the Atlantic." That comment has stuck with me and probably will for the rest of my life. —What I've Learned: General Tommy Franks, interviewed by Cal Fussman, August 2002

Aboveground, people had worked as if every minute counted and so effort could be spared, but here, away from the eyes of their peers, in the chaos and among the dead, some of the rescuers had been filling their pockets.

Later, we went aboveground and talked with four [New York National Guard] soldiers who had seen rescuers stealing from the Manhattan Hilton, from the concourse, from shops near the site. They had reported it, duty said, but no one seemed interested in hearing bad news from the pile. It didn't fit the script, and it was a diversion and too much of an insult to the thousands who had died.

The young soldiers and I sat on a park bench near the colonnade's entrance port, gazing over what they had seen. Captain Kilmister was at the command post when one of the colonnade's staff officers, a policeman from Long Island, began to laugh bitterly that word of the looting had gotten out.

"You're an asshole, ADA," he snapped at Kilmister.

"That's not my guess, you must be a cop!" Kilmister shot back.

The staff officer moved close to Kilmister. "Get the fuck out of my ADA!" he shouted, before the colonel stepped between the two men.

After a few minutes, Kilmister and the enlisted soldiers went back to security duty. "C'mon, see there were thousands there," said one soldier under his breath.

Captain Kilmister was nothing, hanging back. He pined, muttering, paced again. He was mad, but he also had no doubt that chaos in uniform had stolen whatever they could.

After a few minutes he came over to me, and we walked for a while across the lawn under the darkened trees. Cortagholo was coming down, thinking things through. Maybe when it all blows over, we'll see the bright side, he said. Maybe the flames had broken the spell. "Look at it this way," he said, and



But that's not even the worst

Can you write it down? He scribbles it on a board: "Please, don't forget about me."

It's hell to be crying again, for what must be the hundredth time this week. "I could never forget about you," she says. "You've had my heart in your back pocket since the day I met you, and it'll be there forever."

He's confused and happy for the rest of the day, and Mimi feels less as trouble weighing his legs. "Don't leave me here."

—Eggs. *Waller's New Skull*, by Brian  
Hobbs (Sept. 1994)

**John Walter Linnell** has a lawyer as soon as he saw his son on MSNBC. The lawyer immediately went to John Linnell, Andrew, Donald Rumsfeld, Colin Powell, and George W. Bush and informed them that John Walter Linnell had escaped, and counsel was ready to fly to Afghanistan as soon as they could. They did not write him back, but John Linnell said that he believed he was "chased." He observed on the news that John Walter Linnell had a lower jaw of the, neither father, blind one, even though at the time John Walter Linnell was blindfolded and shut-up in a national news destroyer in Afghanistan. He was being held in a shipping container, and he had a rifle in his hands, and he had one on FBI agent photographed him, the bullet had been in his thigh for nearly two weeks and the wound was starting to stink.

"Of course, there are no lawyers here," the agent said last week, and two days after the agent said that, he was forced to stop at the Atlanta airport and his bullet was finally extracted — statement, by Tom Hanks, July 2006

**And here,** a few feet more under a cracked and chipping-pink wooden canopy, sits the useless Freedom Tower cornerstone, shroudily dedicated on July 4, 2004, before Governor George Pataki and the Port Authority realized that the cost-sign off the FA isn't quite as negotiated to get was approval from the New York Police Department for the Freedom Tower, which is the NYPD's opinion needed to be issued and completely redesigned for security reasons—which cost, in addition to tens of millions of dollars, yet another new

Which is why the most painful—and, quite frankly, thrilling—aspect of the pit is the hoe run, an elephantine Caterpillar 240, a fifty-ton excavator fitted with a huge hydraulic boom, adroit as it is to a ball of rock and dirt. The hoe run works days outside the crazy wild-to-tame, no tracks, no crapped-out boom bon-banging through old slab on grade, breaking rocks, reaching the pit to retrieve the massive footings that will brace the inner core of the Freedom Tower.

—*The Redshifting, Part 3: The Shifting, by Scott Nash, September 2006*

I've been getting tats since I was sixteen. I had some tattoos. After the ex-

Howell was over his face, and, after pausing out a third time, was ready to admit to anything. That would be the end of any trial in military or federal court, but commission rules prevent the attorney from discussing the classified interrogation with his client, because to do so might reveal a method or source to his unacknowledged foe. —*The American Way of Action*, by Lieutenant Commander Charles Swift, March 2007

**Truth is, you'd** have to be half-dead—or some kind of Ishambazian eel-demon—to feel at least a touch giddy and more than a little moved. Here is where the Twin Towers stood on 9/11, under the same indifferent sky, in a world that felt entirely different then. Here is where time stopped for all time—and where grieving began—for thousands of lives.

And here, if the young and the ageing ever stops, a piece of steel is going up. Slow and smooth, the columns seem to glide over to where their footing waits, and the Local 40 brewer hits, their grade ropes threaded through it, top and bottom, once a gently down. Down past the apron's center, down along the metal base plate, down at the bottom of a pit that will never again be anything but the bottom of a pit.

"Don't scratch the paint," someone shouts as they search the leg bolts tight—

—Scabbling Part 4: The Steel, by Scott Nash, June 2009

**Wine Doctor** is the bartender. And while the number dinged around England dropped earlier in the year, it climbed into the summer. Jane's body count was 50 percent higher than January's.

Petrarca looks at me and says he has tried to be candid, not selling the war but reporting in ups and downs: "I don't think we should be in the business of putting lipstick on pigs, trying to create perceptions that are not well-founded. What that is doing, that inevitably undermines the effort. This is war. It's unlike any other endeavor. And that's a tough part of it. That part never gets any easier. And I'm not sure it does."

ger harder." Here Pottas and when he starts speaking words are stretched out, casually wandered if it had news item," he says. "tragic news can you take time?" — "God's Not Made of," a profile of the new. Mochelbaum, Seattle.

In conversation, Mr. "my Mormon." He has a defense that he picked up a term as common as off his front to recount his speech is after fact, but not here as Glen

Microwell spots the page. But, it seems in that direction his great power! but not like Chery the building of him. He has a strong eye piercing blue eyes, there large ear on the left side his head, a rosy pink nose mark that runs like a certain wire below the line of his high and right eye. But he has a strong reading and taking notes, a short-term memory. His eyes are short - it took him a while to build the first of his background for his son, he to keep reminding each of the directions over and over. But he has a deep

past religious on her to the refers to the support where people come to the mafia, who he once saw country in Africa. "The his reforms, his faith are measurable fantasies on their "fictitious original," part it, he is still within tell him are "acceptable to whom? Me?" He will never be the same even be a good —Miguel

by Mike Sledge, December

And so fellow, the problem is not that they are unemployed because they are lazy. It is that a generation of young adults who were raised in a military culture are now openly questioning the authority of their leaders. They didn't see their fathers half in the run-up to the war, and they're questioning the leadership of the president who's standing up to the world. I think that's a good thing. I think that's a sign of a healthy society.

**strategically unusual war**  
—*The Men Between War* by Thomas F.M. Barnett, A [Admiral William "Pat" Fell U.S. Central Command, no pressure on March 11, 2006 after this story was published]

He calls them "fish" from his southern home, and says that in some ways, when he begins his injury is like watching a fish die.



**He put the crucial phrase "failure and death from a U.S. economic health care."**

**I can't let this pass. "Health" is very engaging, yet I like your take on it making that phrase more or death."**

**"It's the phrase Congress says."**

**"Fast health care and the"**

↑ **WORLD** The nation's largest AIDS-related event, the 1992 Los Angeles AIDS Memorial March, drew more than 100,000 people to the city's downtown.

of that phrase at all."

"But this isn't legal there."

"It's going to have a body count."

"It's a difficult issue, I acknowledge violence. It's a pleasant surprise with that."

"You could have done a lot better."

"I really tried to distinguish between law and policy," he insists. **—a Member: The president is free to define torture. He did.** **H. Richardson, June 2006**



time to do.

I had no idea I was going to turn psychic on-graft. You'd need to file under apseph because I just don't know that there's no going back over! —*Welcome*

by Russell, Naples

**None? The flat**

Ground Zero is a day and night a day with work again, it's not a well and at

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also learned that there's no such thing as *passive*—that, if anything, we haven't been paranoid enough, as even the most terrible events turned out to be mere portions of more terrible events to come. —**What the Hell Am I Hearing? A Look Back at the Last Eight Years**, by Tim Javad, February 2008

One of the *leak* insurgents flicked on a flashlight. Picking up the path, he switched the light off and continued toward the left zone. Then by man, each fighter emerged as a green silhouette on the soldiers' legplates, each to be marked and passed by the vital line of an infrared laser sight.

The counts counted twenty-two men walk by their post. Sergeant Kree could not pass this information. The insurgents wait for the dawn.

Insurgent *leak* switched closer they come, closer, and closer still, until the first was perhaps six feet away from the secret American prison on the ground, who watched the selector lever on his rifle from safe to sensorless, nodding it to fire. The lever made a tiny metal-on-metal noise, a click.

The *leak* stopped stopped his forward his hand. The American was directly in front of him, a private first class, Troy Patton-Harvey, a sixty-something-year-old with quick dark eyes and a small black comb, pointed up. Patton-Harvey's *leak* had been during from the shot between the man's eyes to the center of the man's forehead. Now it stopped there. Other *leak*s, from other soldiers, were locked on each man visible in the column behind. The point man seemed undisturbed, unaware of the green dot above his brow. He had heard something, but what?

"Yes," Lieutenant Smith said. "First, first, first, first." —**Five Days Walk: Warship Company in Rwanda's Valley**, by Alvin Karp, by G.I. Drivers, August 2009

The *plane* cruises at eighteen thousand feet, five miles from the target area, but the *plane* looks as though we're looking down from a couple of stories up. At this distance, the view can tell a mile from a ship, a critical distinction



Nelson and Anderson [at an Air Force base in Nevada] have just taken control of another Reagan recently launched as to the night sky over Kandahar. They're spying on a series of compounds a few miles outside the city where several high-value targets are believed to live. In preparation for early or late strikes, cover someone later over as seen for weeks, building miles dozens



... These people sleep on a rooftop, a respite from the summer heat. Come sit inside a corral. A man rises, walks outside the compound, and stands beside the wall. "They got up, they go to the bedrooms, they go back to bed," Anderson says. "That's normal." I wonder what the man would think about a half dozen people on the other side of the world watching him stretch in the dark, stretch his wrists, and take a piss. —**We're Watching the Future, and It's Unsettling**, by Brian Klockner, November 2008

Stefan has been a cop for four years now, and Mohammed for only two, but much of the training at the Criminal Justice Center is new to them. The three-week basic course includes everything from Iraqi law and fire drill to counter-IED and intelligence-gathering. But like most other trainees here, Stefan and

Mohammed don't really care. What's the point of being a good cop when being a good cop is precisely what can get you killed in Iraq? It's not that they don't leave right from wrong. But better to stay behind, here a longer life. "I wish they'd pay us more," Mohammed says.

"Me, too," says Stefan, clearing his lungs with his dry-sucker gas. "I need to find a family, you know?" "Me, too," says Stefan, making me nobody else is listening. Mohammed smiles. "And to serve my country."

Both of them burst out at laughter. —**It's Impossible to Leave Iraq: Training the Iraqi Police**, by Dexter Filkins, August 2009

"Your genes have got by in the blink of an eye. For me [says Brian Lyman], I've been *genetic* off that table and come" in that past for nine years, man. Every day—six, seven days a week I go home exhausted every day. The kids are growing up. And another anniversary's come' up here soon. The delta, the pizzetti—they all have business now. When we were *genetic* started, they were nothing. Now they're busy, they're *genetic* their families, the women are full, women are coming. There's a whole different buzz downtown."

... "That's a nice as a lifetime." [Booker] says. "It's good" up — **The Rebuilding, Part Six: Good Days at Grand Zenn**, by Scott East, October 2010

If *ALL U Can Eat*. —**At Gable** "You should be back and often, and by someone who is very here." —**At Gable** — **III** The Green World, the Crimson Tide, the Thundering Word. — **III** The side gate. — **III** New York in a spring day when the labor tops have begun to rise. — **III** And airplanes, too. — **III** Symptomatic — **III** Moments — **III** Good to be an American Man, by Charles F. Moore, December 2001 H



## [THE REBUILDING] PART 2

People talk a lot about the "healing process." Well, this is New York. In the aftermath of a tragedy of monumental proportions, the healing process has been noisy and rude, with elbows out, redolent of greed, power, and the darker forces that drive human existence. And most of the shouting has been about how to make a fitting monument to what happened here. But in a hundred years, all the shouting and all the politics will be forgotten. What will be remembered is what is built here, now, on these sixteen acres.

THE MEMORIAL  
BY SCOTT RAAB

GOODES MORNING, but Katherine is a busy. She asks Charlie to join the television on, just to distract her from what He doesn't know. He'll never know.

"Would you mind turning the television on?" My mind is not at ease. "The same words he remembers her saying that he says repeats—ten years after that Tuesday—with the deepest fear of Katherine's World account.

Charlie heads from Buffalo. He met Katherine here in Greenwich Village, on a building with a couple of London-based musicians who swapped notes over the years with a light-pipe group Charlie had joined.

"I usually must get to know that woman," Charlie remembers himself saying to a friend after he first spoke to Katherine in a church basement during a rehearsal. Charlie sounds like Cary Grant the way he hits "simply man," but there's more his attitude than an accent. Charlie is a born actor. Charlie Wolf didn't settle in New York City by accident. Not one does.

So that Tuesday, Charlie clicks on the TV for Katherine. He's at his desk, online, working. A tiny apartment in a good building on a nice block in the Village with a radio post to the far door the street. There's ten years they've made their home here, all of Mother's housing and sleeping around them.

Katherine's leaving for the subway to work early—8:06 like he left yesterday at 8:34.

## THE REBUILDING PART 2

Charlie notices this sort of detail, mentions this to her. Katherine doesn't want to have it. Something else is bothering her.

At dinner on Friday, Charlie had brought up the subject of trying to make a baby. Could that have been an earlier hint? A few years before, she had talked about getting pregnant in two years, and those things had not ever come.

Letting things sit was Charlie's way, and now Katherine is past forty, well, she feels it's time for them to make a proactive decision, yes or no? Not that the question was resolved at dinner, but it was back on the table.

"She's about to walk out without saying one goodbye," Charlie remembers. "I would stand here"—on the second-to-last step leading up to the kitchen area—"and she would stand right here, which would put us about even height. And it would give her a hug—a hug and a kiss—and then walk her out the door. Our normal routine."

Katherine takes the train. Here is the third stop, Spring, Canal, World Trade. It's the beginning of her third week at March & McCormick, on floor 37 of the North Tower. A good job for a 30-year-old woman, excellent benefits, a steady salary. Nine kids. The week before, her boss asked if she could come in at 8:00 instead of 9:30—not an order, a check-with-your-husband request. Not a problem. At 45, have lead start on the day. Of course.

On the bulletin board above Charlie's desk, a small photo and a couple of notes about the 9/11 attacks.

But and Katherine arrived earlier, quickly the first time, in Sweden, her hometown, in 1994, just to get the immigration process rolling, then again the following year, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, with a forty-five-minute choir from the light-agency company working close, with Charlie who she modeled her with. Beyond that, her "The Divine Song." "My heart is waiting, Dear, Come there with me. The longing to touch you / Love's sweet melody / I think it drives me away, / Waiting, just for you."

They had walked out Charlie's desk down the stairs to his desk. Turns off the TV, goes back to work. The sliding glass balcony door is open to the east air, the traffic noise from nearby Freedom Street is the usual background. From out of nowhere, a metallic powd—too low, too loud, directly overhead—like him on his feet and out on the roof of balcony.

Here on the third floor and something in the sky and onto steps back inside and past then from the thunder of American Airlines Flight 11 as it hits the North Tower at 64 miles per hour, carrying tons of steel and gallons of jet fuel. The impact zone stretches from floors 93 to 103, all destroyed by March & McCormick.

Charlie's division, north tower. That's the heavy, a woman on the street about, "Oh, my God, a plane's just gone right into the World Trade Center!"

Charlie remembers sitting in his pajamas, not even the middle of the movie. The North Tower stands at the end of his sight line with a telephone near its top. He thinks about rushing to find Katherine, imagine the chaos, and goes back to their apartment.

"She comes down, she comes down without her purse, which has her cell phone in. She may not remember my cell number, but she will remember the home phone number. Two moving targets can't find each other. I

The footprints of the original Twin Towers connected steel cables from the north waterfalls pouring down the sides and into a tall descent pool located where the core columns of the original towers stood. This is the 9/11 Memorial. Here, the footprint of the North Tower, looking east.



will be the primary target."

Charlie tries Katherine's work and cell numbers. Then he gets the phone book and calls the FBI.

"I had to do something," I said. "That was no accident." I said, "That plane was going full throttle—it was no accident."

Charlie hangs up, then realizes the FBI might not believe him. So he calls again.

"Listen, I just called. I want you to know I'm a pilot. I know the sound. Those engines were muted out."

Charlie turns the TV back on. The phone starts ringing—Katherine's parents, his parents. He sees the South Tower get hit, the plane looking as if it's just before impact.

"I believe you, but I couldn't believe you. Then I watched Tower two fall. Then I heard all kinds of comments outside. People running. I stayed right here. The door was closed. The television was on. I stayed here waiting for her call."

Charlie remembers the moment he knew the Tower One was doomed, too.

"Twenty-two—it's off the vertical. I said, 'It's going up.' I was sitting here watching the thing—and I just watched it come down. I said, 'Well, I guess I've got to start my life over again.'"

Charlie starts getting hungry in the afternoon. So he goes to a nearby restaurant for pork piccata last night, and there's a portion left over in the fridge, but he can't bring himself to eat it, and so he walks to Rensselaer Street, in Dumboville's, where he and Katherine buy their meat. The doors are locked and the store is dark, but when she sees outside see Charlie, they let him in.

"They opened the shop for me. They were very nice about the fact that I asked for a receipt, just like I always did. And I went home and I cooked dinner for myself. The pork piccata was still in there for a couple of weeks, then it got thrown away. I couldn't eat it."

On Wednesday, Charlie goes to a building on the East Side to fill out an official form for those missing loved ones. On Thursday, he goes to Katherine's half-brother and brother-in-law and takes them to another building where the authorities are collecting DNA samples, and there he sees the sandwiches—cardboard boxes and plastic hangers full of homemade sandwiches. And the night of those sandwiches—all kinds of meats—crisis opens his heart.

He cries in the Anatomy wing on a policeman's shoulder as the policeman comforts him, and thinking that this much kindness must mean that evil hasn't won yet, God has.

By Friday, Charlie realizes that Mark & Me Lenses lost its entire tower workforce—385 souls—in an instant. He is comforted by the thought that Katherine didn't suffer long—she was surprised, "Charlie says—yet he also understands that there was no warning, no DNA search, no grave. Nothing."

Charlie goes back to his permanent job picking the clothing Katherine had worn to work on Monday into plastic bags.

"I took her bag, everything. Oh, yeah. Everything. I wanted to hold it to remember her as long as I could. But it didn't last."

On September 12, 2002, Charlie Wolf will join with others in the neighborhoods of the murdered and with the two living who lost the last of Ground Zero—the ruins, pools, north and south, that mark the world's last war and endgame where the fallen towers stood, lived and died in black grandeur, bordered by bronze plaques with the names of all the dead, and alive with water filling in a concrete thirty-foot escrow from the parapets on each side—work that began two years ago. For the first time since the slaughtering, something timeless—not temporary, not imposed up and taken down like the tent used like a stage prop each 9/11 to shield the VIPs—something created to embody a collective sense of memory, loss, and hope something built to last, will finally grace this patch of land.



IT FEELS LIKE IN LIFE is certain—ask Charlie—but this. On that Sunday morning, 9/11/01, there won't be a dry eye in the house, and on Monday, 9/12/01, there will be a chorus of complaints, however muted, about this, then, and the other thing that should have been done—at left and/or at right differently—to perfect the memorial and preserve the sanctity of this life lost.

Scorpius-like "ruined." This is New York City, where the lower Manhattan neighborhood and business the ruins, the drive to make it, to be heard and heard—granted briefly by the first shock of 9/11, happened to standstill making and no entering the dead—has long been a premonition locally and without limit at each and every aspect of rebuilding the business across Ground Zero. Multiply that drive and hunger by the value of the land itself, owned by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey and built in less by several state developers, then consider the physical complexity of the job. With the 9/11 wreckage cleared, what had been the World Trade Center was a half-a-century-old steel skyscraper built between 1962 and 1971, a half-century-old steel skyscraper built thirty years before 9/11 to keep out the nearby Hudson River, and created by the track of a railroad tunnel that had carried fifty thousand daily commuters into Lower Manhattan.

But all of that was, and it justifies, a modern civil—infinitely more complex—by the sorrow and fury that followed the sudden



Charlie says that, along the perimeter of each of the towers, a section of bronze plate contains the 2,603 names of the victims of 9/11. In the photo, the names are visible above, at right. The will be shown after 9/11. Charlie says that, along the perimeter of each of the towers, a section of bronze plate contains the 2,603 names of the victims of 9/11. In the photo, the names are visible above, at right. The will be shown after 9/11. Charlie says that, along the perimeter of each of the towers, a section of bronze plate contains the 2,603 names of the victims of 9/11. In the photo, the names are visible above, at right. The will be shown after 9/11.

## THE REBUILDING PART 2

and decided level that might be constrained to a prelude to later life. Within a couple of days, Larry Silverstein, who signed a ninety-nine-year lease on the WTC only six weeks before 9/11, was publicly renouncing his moral and legal obligation to rebuild office towers. He took an enormous public-relations hit, and the battle was joined immediately by politicians, architects, urban planners, neighborhood activists, labor unions, the local and national media, not to mention, by many of those who, like Charlie Wolf, were only beginning to grasp how to piece together what remained of their lives after the attacks.

Two days after Christmas 2002, Mayor Rudy Giuliani delivered his farewell speech at St. Paul's Chapel, just across the street from where crews were still clearing wreckage from Ground Zero.

"Long after we are all gone," he said, "it's the memories of our parents and their dreams that are going to be what the place is remembered for. This is going to be a place that is remembered as a hundred and a thousand years from now, like the great battlefields of Europe and Africa and the United States."

Rather than rebuilding office towers, Giuliani urged New Yorkers to "think about a soaring, monumental, beautiful memorial that just draws all kinds of people here that just want to visit. And then also want to come here for reading and education and background and research."

But this was no battlefield—the Twin Towers had long been an international symbol of the industry and ambition that had become the rest of the world to rush over and grab its share. More was at stake here, where the creation of a memorial for the victims of the terrorist bombing of the World Trade Center Building had taken five full years of blood, sweat and tears.

This was Manhattan—three blocks north of Wall Street—and a construction project that would bring tens of billions of dollars, create thousands of jobs, and a chance for New York City to pick itself back up, not only from the rubble, but also from the wreckage of 9/11, just before a crucial election that some felt would put a Democrat into City Hall, and Governor Pataki, a fellow Republican, into the White House.

Giuliani was understood that perfectly within three weeks of 9/11, just before a crucial election that some felt would put a Democrat into City Hall, and Governor Pataki, a fellow Republican, into the White House. Giuliani was understood that perfectly within three weeks of 9/11, just before a crucial election that some felt would put a Democrat into City Hall, and Governor Pataki, a fellow Republican, into the White House. Giuliani was understood that perfectly within three weeks of 9/11, just before a crucial election that some felt would put a Democrat into City Hall, and Governor Pataki, a fellow Republican, into the White House.

The best was remembered. By March 2003, before Ground Zero had even been cleared of its wreckage, everything among the LAMPs, the Port Authority, alternative Properties, and various community groups was still in a state of flux. In April, gubernatorial hopeful Andrew Cuomo had announced Pataki's Ground Zero memorial publicly. "He stood before the leaders," Cuomo said. "He led the leaders' cause." It was a ghastly call back to the days right after 9/11, when Rudy Giuliani became America's mayor, and not so far from the reinforced the firepharmers and emergency responders in the rebuilding. As a result of the firepharmers and emergency responders in the rebuilding. As a result of the firepharmers and emergency responders in the rebuilding. As a result of the firepharmers and emergency responders in the rebuilding.

2006 remains. Some wanted that each inch of those sixteen acres was a monument, off-limits to anything but a memorial. Some spoke of civil disobedience to stop construction. Some blamed the Port Authority's compromise from meeting the city's building code for the collapse of the towers. Some demanded Congress to investigate the attacks. Some wanted a separate Ground Zero memorial for the 243 firefighters and paramedics who'd died there.

Some of the most contentious aspects of the rebuilding of Ground Zero—foremost among them the question of what to do with more than nine thousand pieces of human remains recovered from the site and still unidentified—are just impossible to resolve in one person's satisfaction. The path on either path on a fresh groundswell and just going to rapidly pass all some folks, particularly among the eleven hundred survivors' lonie like Charlie Wink, who never received remains of anybody. But from the very beginning, the details of the commercialism had a larger truth about New York City. All of the public guidance and pulling—all of the yelling and questioning of others' motives, all of the pining of politicians and the ethical-humane—al of this was, and is, the healing process written, legible, side-wide.

This was the world's greatest city gutting back the pieces of its collective life the only way it could—at full roar, elbows out, ready to scuffle, if fighting back from shock and grief and fear required some reconstructing, some bumping and shoving, some fighting words, some snarl, snare. In New York, it must always be so. Its definition: *Adversus exhibere*.

And if it's too late to plant a tree for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, and seven years after the fact, why would anyone expect to happen again easily and with less aggression in New York City? To make a great stand, such is not mean thing, but to design and build a fitting 9/11 memorial—a battlefield tribute without a battlefield, a place of mourning, contemplation, and endless sharing its plot and soil with monumental skyscrapers, to capture at one swoop the sadness and strength formed in that day's disaster—to pull that off is not a cheap labor.

**M**ICHAEL ARAD DID IT. And in thirty-two years old, an architect working for the firm of Robt. Prederick Fox, son of an Israeli diplomat, a Dartmouth grad and an Israeli army vet, and a bit of an outsider after only two years living in the city—until 9/11, when from the rooftop of his apartment building he saw Flight 11's bank and

"That day made me a New Yorker," he says. "Not just that day—the week that followed, seeing how people came together. I'd sort of stayed on the cool surface of being removed from New York, but now I was in it. All of a sudden, that was changed."

Arvid is forty-two now, tall and lean and quick. He walks the memorial site in his yellow safety vest and black hard hat as if he owns it, and right now—eighty-seven days before 9/11/11—he does. Crews are still installing the last of the bronze panels bearing the names of the dead, still painting the bottoms of the people, still testing the sensors he still cleanses the trees.

"At this point, it's not about a design—it's about making sure everything gets done."

Ah, but for a visitor, even now, it certainly is about the design. We're at Ground Zero, under a sky dark and thick with storm clouds. I've been

**FROM GROUND ZERO TO THE  
NEW WORLD TRADE CENTER**

**1 WTC** *Skidmore, Owings & Merrill*  
The 110-story, 1,776-ton tower, designed by David Childs, will stand 1,270 feet above the New York skyline. It will be the tallest building in America and the third tallest in the world.

**2** **EWTO** has all the printing, shipment of Power Taps, the agreed-by-hospital notes, has lowered street level, projected to be completed by 2006.

**WTC TRANSIT HUB**  
Designed by Santiago Calatrava, scheduled to be finished by 2016.

**4** **WTO** Disagreed by Richard Rogers. Treaty then scheduled to be finished by 2000.

**5** **WTC** Designed by:  
James Folsom, Inc., Toronto

It's worth the drive to the  
Hawthorne Greenhouse at  
1000 E. 10th St. in  
Wichita, Kan., to see  
the orchids on display  
here, which are in  
blossom with a few  
scheduled for the  
coming season. The

**NATIONAL 9/11 MUSEUM** Featuring a full-ground pavilion and below-ground exhibit that goes down to the original foundation and bedrock. • Two Towers. Will be done in 2011. September 11, 2012

**7 THE MEMORIAL**  
Designed by Michael Siskin, on the site of the original Twin Towers, the memorial will be alive by this September. At 9/11, it is said, the museum project will occupy a full half of the WTC site.

the north pool, where Tower One once stood. The void is itself a few feet smaller than the footprint of the original tower, yet it seems vast, a bottomless black-clad pit where the glass and the surrounding city fall away to reveal an aching heart, an open wound. However small it is,

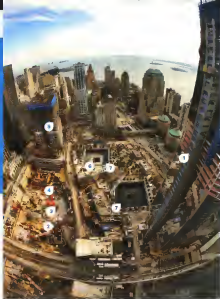
The parapets rise waist-high, their panels—nineten per side—angled so that the hand is drawn to touch the letters cut from the bronze to form the names of the dead. The air, heavy with heat, electric, seems to pull at the city. The north pool sits in the near distance—impossibly far some how—the second footprint, the other twin, also bordered by arched—on bronze panels

The scale and symmetry pack a shocking whiplow you will find no other here. Not numbers, say, on any first visit to Ground Zero. It stood—and fell, mostly, severely free below as the bottom of a tapered nose of it had held across the shored tops of the perimeter columns, unburst in strange traffic jams. The Twin Towers—named and felt my throat line. The site has risen, shown and inseparable, always in disaster, always with the absolute certainty that New York City would finish the job, that whether good and evil exist in the mass meant by Charles W. Lumsden, because the human scale of this city and the economy is in its reason beyond the reach of horrors—and now, at last, with accomplished material at hand, and with the Freedom Towers just a few yards away and already severely smug and dimming. I feel an overwhelming awe and sadness, as if I could had been there, there.

"It's like going to Gettysburg," Arad says. "It's like going to Pearl Harbor. It's like going to the National Mall. This is part of American historical fabric now."

Yes, but—raise your eyes only slightly and the downtown skyscrapers claw at the clouds, and the old, narrow streets run rough to the tip of this island-empire, and there it is, the rush of life and street that pulses at the city's heart, even here.

"I always thought of this entire case as the memorial plaza, which a lot of people disagreed with when the design was unveiled. No, you



erty change and delay meant arose in estimated construction costs. What was planned as a \$102-million project rose to \$140 million by 1998, at which point the foundation president decided to halt fundraising until the memorial and its cost were more clearly defined. At which point May or Michael Bloomberg replaced the foundation president, under whose direction only a little more than \$100 million had been raised, and took up and enhanced the job of fundraising, negotiated with the Port Authority to share some costs and supervise the memorial's construction, and helped finalize the design details.

And lost so many fights as he won, but he doggedly preserved the sense put forth in his constant cry: statement, of a memorial site that served as a sacred memorial ground and as a large urban plaza.

"We have to make this part of the city again. It has to be alive. You have to bring people in. The people in these office buildings should be able to walk out, cross the street, and sit under a bench on a normal workday that it can take to work for the people that come here once in a lifetime, like a pilgrimage. How is it an urban park and a normal landmark at the same time?"

It was a battle more subtle than losing the name. The master plan called for ten million square feet of office space at Grand Central, plus a new train station, plus a performance arts center and a cultural center, all while keeping sacred the old towers' original footprints. The goal, in short, was to build a new, better World Trade Center complex on such terms rather than on such terms.

memorial is on the plaza it's not the plaza." But it had to be the entire plaza. The moment you step off that street onto it, you feel this sort of change. You sense it now when you stand on that pavement. It's one of New York City's blocks, and that's what it should always be."

The LMDC chose Arad's design in January 2004 over fifty-two hundred other entries in a global competition. And so began months on end of the years-long stretches that came to define Gustavo Reza. And haunted the LMDC, which mandated he work with a landscape designer. He wrestled with the landscape designer over the number, kind, and placement of the trees. He fought with Daniel Libeskind, the architect whose Ground Zero "master plan"—championed by Pundit—called for making the entire memorial thirty feet below street level. He clashed with family groups over the arrangement of the names on the panels and the placement of the pool.

Arad was fighting for his cause, the Memorial Foundation, which included family members, was trying both to placate all parties and to raise funds to build and maintain whatever was finally built. It

The 1990-year development was three-dimensional. In terms of above and below grade infrastructure, those included building protection on the site was linked. This meant that the concrete fill placed as a landfill was part of the rooftop transportation hub's concrete, and Arad's wall for the plaza and the street around Grand Zero to form a perimeter whose most keeping the plaza at street level, even if it was at a safe level below for meters level of street space.

"At no point do you have more than two to three feet separating the surrounding sidewalk from the structural plans. You are walking right off the sidewalk onto the plaza. The street won't continue on to the plaza, but they'll bring that flow of people."

In New York City, that flow is a small thing; it's an integral part of Manhattan's persona. And at Ground Zero, where the original World Trade Center was built on a "superblock" that deliberately set itself above and apart from its surroundings, the plaza represents the reestablishment of a connection severed forty years ago, a literal rebirth of these urban acres with the rest of downtown. *(continued on page 199)*

## C.J. CHIVERS

WAR REPORTER: 48  
BORNEO ISLANDINTERVIEWED BY  
CAL FUSSMAN  
JUNE 20, 2011

**> Military is a big word.** It's like mine, you know? It's almost meaningless. I mean, how could a word like *military* have a meaning that includes Berlusconi and Madonna?

**> I went off to college.** But in the first few weeks in the fall of '63, the barracks got leveled in Beirut and almost 230 Marines and sailors were killed. They were basically my age. I wasn't attracted—interested would be the wrong word. But I was drawn to it. That began my process of signing up for the Marine Corps.

**> I chose newspapers** because I thought it would be kind of like going into the infantry. It

would discipline me, you know?

- > On 9/11,** my military experience and field experience came together with my journalism career. Real fast.
- > I remember the exhaustion**—almost not sleeping for two weeks at Ground Zero. I remember the confusion.
- > You can assemble** a factual truth brick by brick. But there's also emotional truth. How people feel may not be rooted in fact, but can be true to them, and it guides their actions. The former is hard, but it's a lot easier than the second.
- > I have a heavy stomach** and I can look at things that make most people turn away. That's not to say I don't get upset. Sometimes I get angry inside, quietly angry over the things people do to each other. But I don't have nightmares. When I sleep, I sleep.
- > I try to get into a real steady** with a good driver. Someone who's not going to panic. They teach me about local things, and I teach them which way to have the car facing in a dodgy place, where to keep the keys. There are things a driver needs to know.
- > Sometimes you think about it mechanically**—should I have my passport on me for this walk, or not? Start to think about how others might react to your passport, and how the thing that could help you can also endanger you. It's complicated.
- > I don't have a lot of trouble coming back.** There are different worlds in this world, and I tend to go through them pretty easily. It's like—imagine you put a rat in a sack and then you take the rat to a park or up to a beach and very quickly let the sack off. What do you have? A rat. That's kind of how I am. When I come home, I'm me. I fall right on the dishes and I sleep, tending the garden, working the computer, and chasing the fish.
- > The golden rule** of fishing is you never know fish to find fish.
- > Events took off the bat** out of drinking for me, so it does for a lot of people. Midway through my Borneo tour, I stopped. I just decided it wasn't that anymore. That was very valuable. You'd be amazed how much energy you get back when you don't drink.
- > I eat locally a lot,** and almost everything that goes off my nose. When I ate the weirdly spiced lamb and all the rest of a locally short menu. The guys who I was with said that they were delicious. And you know what? They were right.
- > I can move through the flight** in it's almost happens again slow motion and make a record of it, understand it, and on some days even anticipate where it's going as it's happening, that I can't do through violence or a standard. I can't watch a war movie.
- > There's no TV in my house.** Well, there's one in my garage that I sometimes have to turn on for news. But I don't think I've turned it on the year. How do my kids regard? They play! They go outside! They use their imagination! They have childhood!
- > I was on the slope of Marjah** in Libya when they put two or three checked boxes and off to the line. He had something like "Holy shit, his Laden has been killed." Marjah was being shelled by an army of its own nation and being a bunch of press got tactical and I was not on problems. I think my first reaction was something like "What does that have to do with what we're doing?"
- > You may be shy** when the drone goes made for me. I may snap a laser jumping off a rock—and that may decide it. I'm getting near fifty and I'm running around with nineteen- and twenty-two-year-olds. So, let's keep up.
- > Friendship is the most valuable commodity** you have any day.
- > Anytime you go out,** the closer a dog, the fact that you've survived one thing doesn't mean you're gonna survive the next.
- > There are a lot of different ways** to the end zone.
- > I don't think about money** too much beyond the big check off. I'm gonna need to send my five kids to college.
- > The emotional toll** is that sometimes when you say, a lot of what you've absorbed crowds in, and it can be painful. But, you know, maybe one of the secrets to dealing with that is I don't say very often. ■

**WIDE  
LENSES  
FROM THE  
BORNEO  
ISLAND**

**2009-10**  
While working  
reporting from  
the front lines  
in the Third  
World, Chivers  
was in the  
United States  
for the first  
time in 1998.

**2008-09**  
Chivers was  
in the Third  
World for the  
first time in 1998.  
He was in the  
United States  
for the first  
time in 1998.

**2007-08**  
Chivers was  
in the Third  
World for the  
first time in 1998.  
He was in the  
United States  
for the first  
time in 1998.

**2006-07**  
Chivers was  
in the Third  
World for the  
first time in 1998.  
He was in the  
United States  
for the first  
time in 1998.

**2005-06**  
Chivers was  
in the Third  
World for the  
first time in 1998.  
He was in the  
United States  
for the first  
time in 1998.

**2004-05**  
Chivers was  
in the Third  
World for the  
first time in 1998.  
He was in the  
United States  
for the first  
time in 1998.

**2003-04**  
Chivers was  
in the Third  
World for the  
first time in 1998.  
He was in the  
United States  
for the first  
time in 1998.

**2002-03**  
Chivers was  
in the Third  
World for the  
first time in 1998.  
He was in the  
United States  
for the first  
time in 1998.

Chivers in Afghanistan  
in December 2002, on  
assignment for The  
New York Times. He was one  
of the first reporters on  
the ground when the  
war began in 2001.





**SKILLET-ROASTED  
BONELESS PORK CHOP**

with pickled cherry peppers,  
tomatoes, and garlic  
RECIPE PAGE 154

# HOW TO COOK

17 ESQUIRE  
EAT LIKE  
A MAN

A PRACTICAL, HANDS-ON GUIDE TO THE TOOLS  
A MAN NEEDS, THE WAYS THAT FOOD COOKS, AND  
HOW TO DO EVERYTHING A LITTLE BIT BETTER

**T**IME WAS, YOU WERE pretty sure that the best food was the kind that was the easiest to find. Or the kind you consume at a stadium, with a game going on in front of you. This was before everyone watched the Food Network and *Top Chef* and the sadistic reality shows hosted by that angry British chef who screams at his "chefsistants" until the veins in his neck bulge and his shrinking victims either cry or go to the hospital with heart trouble. ¶ Well, my friend, the game has changed. ¶ Cooking at home is now fully documented as cool, exceedingly good for you, fun to do, and, most significantly, an attractor of women. Plus, forces are conspiring to make it increasingly easy to do. When I was getting started, the books were a lot heavier, the guidance was much harder to find, and there wasn't a kitchen store (or two) in every mall. Like golf-club manufacturers, the kitchen-equipment folks constantly improve the tools of the trade, making nearly fool-proof pots, pans, knives, steamers, pizza ovens, pasta rollers, and blenders, all virtually maintenance free and priced to move. (You don't need a lot of gadgets, →

AN INTRODUCTION  
AND  
RALLYING CRY BY  
MARIO SATALI

ALL RECIPES AS TOLD TO FRANCINE MAROUKIAN / ILLUSTRATIONS BY WESLEY HERRITT











A  
WOMAN  
IS  
LOVE

# DANIELA CHECKS IN

WE ASKED DANIELA RUAH, TWENTY SEVEN, FORT BELLIE, AMERICAN  
STAR OF *NCIS: LOS ANGELES* AND THE UPCOMING MOVIE *RED TAILS*,  
TO CALL US OVER THE COURSE OF THREE DAYS, INDEPENDENTLY LINE,  
AND SAVE DR, WHICH WAS NICE OF HER.

BY JULIAN SANCTON | PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARI MICHOLSON

!

THURSDAY, 9:15 A.M. TO 10:45 A.M. (ALL TIMES PDT).

**DANIELA RUAH:** You're gonna end up being like my boyfriend. "Hey, babe, I just woke up. What are you gonna do today?" "Babe, I'm going to bed now."

**ESQUIRE:** It's the obligations of a relationship without any of the benefits.

**DR:** Perfect.

**ESQ:** How was Portugal?

**DR:** The country is not doing well economically. People are upset and angry. You can feel it on the street. You can tell in the way they drive.

We're talking about one of the richest histories. We had an

»

unbelievable engine, and so many marvelous discoveries, and here is it that we are now referred to them? That I still love the country.

**ESQ:** Do you get nostalgic there?

**DB:** Occasionally. I started working on television there when I was nine or 10, so people know me. But I'm not the "face of Portugal."

**ESQ:** I've been told, *Joaquim de Almeida* [Portuguese actor who played that bad guy in that movie]

**DB:** I think there are a couple of other actors that have Portuguese ancestry, but not many. I'll be walking, and some kid will run right in front of me, look at my face, say "Freaky, it's her!" and then run away. I had a five-year-old kid run up to me and wrap his arms around my neck once, and I melted.

**ESQ:** Lucky kid! Why don't you live as an actor?

**DB:** I was born here in the States. I moved to Portugal when I was five. And then my parents just ran an English school. There's this weird idea I think everybody has when they grow up going to an international school. It's a mix of not quite English, not quite American. When I moved to L.A., it just went completely American.

**ESQ:** You play on *Julien et les 120 Jours*. Did you have to learn to speak with your hands?

**DB:** Portuguese do that. We're very aggressive speakers. I remember when I was with one of my roommates in New York—another Portuguese, too—and we were on an Apple store talking about a computer in Portuguese. Some guy comes up to us and goes, "Hey, hey! Please, please! Stop arguing." It's not arguing. This is really just how we talk.

**ESQ:** You make the Portuguese sound like a pretty aggressive people, in general.

**DB:** We're Latin. High-energy. Mediterranean. That's our culture. We speak loud. And we speak with our hands, but we're not aggressive





PROFANE  
REAR END  
TERMS

1  
"Ganga Conquer"  
"Daniela Bush"

like whenever. A Portuguese is not going to punch you for no reason.  
ESQ: But might embrace you for no reason.

DS: Sincerely.

FRIDAY, 3:15 A.M. TO 3:35 A.M.

ESQ: It's probably like 3:15 where you are. But you're not really a party animal.

DS: It's 2:15 here. I've been up talking to a friend. Now it's just me and the dog.

ESQ: Does the dog sleep on the bed?

DS: No dogs on the bed or on the sofa.

ESQ: Because of dog hair or you don't want her to feel confined?

DS: My bed's a clean place. Okay, I'm talking you at three in the morning and I'm talking about my bed. Oh, God. Have a good night.

SATURDAY, 10:05 A.M. TO 10:15 A.M.

ESQ: So, your eye. I'm not going to call it a condition, because it's actually kind of hilarious.

DS: It happened when I was a kid. You know how Barbie has the little plastic hands? One of them stuck in my eye when I was sleeping.

ESQ: So it's a scar, basically.

DS: No, I can't stay serious. That's not true at all. It's a birthmark called nevus of Ota. It covers the whole white of my eye and darkens it. The square of the eye, the white part, is completely dark on my right eye, not just the iris. It's very common in Asian people but quite rare in Caucasians. It doesn't affect my vision or anything like that.

ESQ: Wait, I'm looking at a picture of you, and I can clearly see that you have a white in your right eye.

DS: Photograph. It drives me crazy. This is my eye. my little trade mark. Not long ago, I started adding a little smiley face when I sign an autograph, and one of the eyes is darker.

ESQ: Has it affected your career at all?

DS: It starts the conversation, if anything. But I don't think it's ever gotten me a job or lost me a job. When we're shooting, sometimes they need to light my eye in a slightly different way. Otherwise, it looks like there's a big shadow over it. But that's pretty much it.

ESQ: It starts the conversation, if anything.

DS: It starts the conversation, if anything. But I don't think it's ever gotten me a job or lost me a job. When we're shooting, sometimes they need to light my eye in a slightly different way. Otherwise, it looks like there's a big shadow over it. But that's pretty much it.

ESQ: It starts the conversation, if anything.

DS: It starts the conversation, if anything. But I don't think it's ever gotten me a job or lost me a job. When we're shooting, sometimes they need to light my eye in a slightly different way. Otherwise, it looks like there's a big shadow over it. But that's pretty much it.

DS: I was watching the tape of your victory dance on the Portuguese equivalent of Dancing with the Stars.

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DS: I was watching the tape of your victory dance on the Portuguese equivalent of Dancing with the Stars.

Here's a little side-by-side:  
"Thanks that you'd better  
be Portuguese" says  
everyone's favorite

ESQ: I'm actually expecting to have a lot of fun and to take a few more risks than usual. There are a few limitations, though. We're not doing anything where you can see through the clothing. The generally very reserved with the stuff, but you know what, I'm a woman and I enjoy feeling sexy once in a while and why not have a little fun?



# ROUGHING IT, REDEFINED.

McTavish wingtip  
balmain in raw leather  
with natural double  
oak sole. Coordinating  
Selway boot in tan  
saddle leather.

**Allen Edmonds**  
The Great American Shoe Company

See the new Rough Collection at Allen Edmonds Retail Stores, [allenedmonds.com](http://allenedmonds.com),  
and elite shoe retailers nationwide.

ESQUIRE STYLE PRESENTS



# THE BOULDER LOOK

## TWENTY-ONE PAGES OF AGGRESSIVE NEW STYLES FOR FALL

PAGE  
**1**  
OFF  
DUTY



PAGE  
**2**  
ON  
DUTY



### RUT FERRY, A WORD FROM THE EDITORS.

So that just happened, huh? The week the recession, an onset decade that can only be described as bleak, he died, as one thing after another that we like a five-year-old and led us here. To the fall of 2011, still intact and undisturbed, whatever fresh hell comes near. We live embedded, and that business is looking and ultimately defining men's style right now.

We use it on the runway in Milan, Paris, and New York, with designers unleashing a torrent of luxurious headgear, vibrant colors, and big, all-pen terms. We see it in the ever-growing number of stores and shopping lists, where all manner of buyers and designers provide instructions to every pair. And we send on the streets, where the best-dressed men, who you can't help but notice, are no longer content to focus on the single date—a statement shoe, a killer watch, a pocket square—that sets them apart. (See "The American Revolution," *Esquire* March 2011.) Instead, there's just an ongoing series of conversations and testing fundamental, different approaches to getting dressed. There's a new look and we come up with some like it, the "Boulder Look."

We would all do well to follow these lead. Over the following pages, we'll show you how to do it.

**\*More backstory:** In 2011, after decades of economic hardship and global conflict, Americans are not so much looking up and down with their cameras. David LaChapelle's *The Colors of Desire* played a key role in the new approach to style. The Boulder Look. The name itself, and what's in it, is a challenge to the style of the past. It's the confidence that comes from the man who is very much the same. We're going back to it.

BIG OL' BRASS  
ONES AND A  
COUPLE OF WOLVES  
A GUIDE TO OFF-DUTY  
POWER DRESSING

# ALPHA MALE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
KATE ORNE



Cashmere-and-silk jacket (\$2,200) by Brunello Magli; sleek  
maxi sweater (\$140) and leather gloves (\$175) by Emporio  
Armani; cotton shirt (\$110) by Ralph Lauren; cotton jeans (\$290) by  
Polo; leather boots (\$120) by Frye; shoes (left) by Gucci (right) by  
Gucci

STEP ONE: WEAR A BLAZER. EVERYWHERE.

FORGET THE BOLD OR BOMBER JACKET  
YOU ALWAYS REACH FOR ON FALL WEEK:  
HERE A GOOD BLAZER, WHETHER IT'S THE  
UNSTRUCTURED TWO-BUTTON AT LEFT  
OR ONE OF THE SO-BIG-OR-GO-SOME  
TWEED VARIETIES SO UNBROUGHT RIGHT  
NOW, EASILY ACTS AS ALL-PURPOSE  
OUTERWEAR AND TELLS THE WORLD  
THAT YOU'RE NOT MESSING AROUND.  
NOT EVEN OFF DUTY.

Two-button wool-tweed jacket (\$1,400),  
sleeve shirt (\$45) and cotton trousers  
(\$90) by Tardini; 100% cashmere  
blazer (\$220) by Brunello



STEP TWO: SHOT UP FOR NO REASON

THERE IS NO BETTER WAY TO GET PEOPLE GUESSING WHERE YOU'RE GOING, OR WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM, THAN TO WEAR A TIE WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO. A LONG-KNOT KNOT TIE, A BIG-BALLS PATTERNED TIE, WHATEVER, A TIE MEANS YOU HAVE PLACES TO BE. EVEN IF THAT PLACE IS A BARSTOOL.

Double-breasted wool jacket (\$2,495) by Ralph Lauren, pattern shirt (\$195) by Burberry, silk tie (\$110) by Paul Smith Accessories, and 50s trousers (\$900) by Dockers. Leather saddle boots (\$1,700) by Salvatore Ferragamo. Two Franckmuller watches (\$5,200) by Franckmuller. Women's leather dog leash (\$400) and dog collar (\$300) by Doggie's World.



Two-button wool jacket (\$1,995) by Ralph Lauren, pattern shirt (\$195) by Burberry, patterned tie (\$110) by Paul Smith Accessories, and 50s trousers (\$900) by Dockers. Leather saddle boots (\$1,700) by Salvatore Ferragamo. Two Franckmuller watches (\$5,200) by Franckmuller. Women's leather dog leash (\$400) and dog collar (\$300) by Doggie's World.

Cashmere coat (\$1,495) by Ralph  
Lauren Purple Label double  
breasted velvet vest (about \$200)  
(\$2,495) and cashmere tie (\$85)  
by H&M, custom shirt (\$595) by  
Borac, wool trousers (\$475) by  
Pat Stone, steel fingerless gloves  
(\$22,500) by H&M



#### STEP THREE: BIG THINGS UP

THE KEY TO PULLING OFF A VELVET  
BLAZER, OR ANY ITEM OF CLOTHING  
YOU MIGHT CATCH HELL FOR, IS TO  
PAIR IT WITH A GROUNDING AGENT:  
FLANNEL TROUSERS, LUXURIOUS BUT  
LEVELHEADED, BALANCE OUT THE  
DISCO VIBE INHERENT IN ALL THINGS  
VELVET AND KEEP MATTERS FROM  
GETTING OUT OF HAND.

Two-button cotton and velvet jacket (\$2,100)  
custom shirt (\$495), wool flannel trousers  
(\$495), and leather shoes (\$700) by Sergio  
Armani, silk tie (\$120) by Ross-Simons,  
cotton pocket square (\$40) by The Tie Bar





STEP FOUR: INVEST IN CHECKS

AND PLAIDS, TOO. PLAIDS ARE GOOD CHECKS AND PLAIDS ARE THE QUICKEST WAY TO ADD VISUAL INTEREST TO WHATEVER YOU'RE WEARING, AND YOU CAN WEAR ALL THE WAY FROM THE BRAVET BUFFALO CHECK (PICTURED HERE) TO THE FINEST DISTRICT CHECK AT NIGHT.

Beagle (textured cardigan jacket (\$2,295), wool and cashmere trousers (\$445) and mink coat (\$1,495) by KNOX; leather shoes (\$495) by Church's; silk pocket square (\$15) by Agnonella



Three-button wool jacket (\$895) and custom shirt (\$295) by Polo Ralph Lauren; cashmere sweater (\$495) by Balmuccia; jeans with silk (\$145) and silk pocket square (\$15) by Ralph Lauren; Plaid L'Chet custom jeans (\$345) by Simon Sport; leather shoes (\$295) by Loake



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WE'RE NOT TALKING FREQUENTLY HERE, THOUGH YOU SHOULD, BY ALL MEANS, GET SOME BANG FOR YOUR BUCK. WE'RE TALKING ABOUT ENJOYING WHAT YOU WEAR. OMNINO IT, BECAUSE IF YOU DO THAT, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT LOOK LIKE A CONFIDENT MAN OF STYLE. IT ALSO HELPS IF YOU'VE GOT A WOLF.

Two-button wool jacket (\$405) by Calvin Klein Collection; cotton shirt (\$244) by Hilary Freeman; silk knit top (\$105) by Dinos; cotton pants (\$180) by Dapley & Holmes; leather monk strap ankle boots (\$145) by Arlo Lodi; silk pocket square (\$30) by Farnerville.

Wood-crow with cheeping, in-  
ing (B4 203) by Quaker Two-foot  
two-year-old (adult) (B4 202) by L. B. B.  
1941. Common (B4 201) by B. B.  
Black, with L. (B4 202) by Quaker  
White, medium, overlapping from  
two (B4 201) by Quaker, small  
two (B4 202) by Quaker, the Quaker  
white (B4 202) by B. B. & B. B.

FOR MORE INFORMATION  
SEE PAGE 182 CASTING BY  
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BRANDS: PERIODS BY JUNE  
MORSE, AGONY





# The MAN in CHARGE

WHAT THE NEW  
BREED OF DOUBLE-  
BREASTED SUITS  
CAN DO FOR YOU

Photographs by

DAVID LAZZARINI



1. **THE MAN** (top)  
2. **THE MAN** (middle)  
3. **THE MAN** (bottom)  
4. **THE MAN** (left)  
5. **THE MAN** (right)  
6. **THE MAN** (center)  
7. **THE MAN** (top right)  
8. **THE MAN** (bottom right)

1. **THE MAN** (top)  
2. **THE MAN** (middle)  
3. **THE MAN** (bottom)  
4. **THE MAN** (left)  
5. **THE MAN** (right)  
6. **THE MAN** (center)  
7. **THE MAN** (top right)  
8. **THE MAN** (bottom right)

Give the **DE**  
suit a chance

USED TO BE THAT WEARING A SUIT TO WORK WAS AN ACT OF SUBMISSION—THAT OF FOLLOWING A GIDDE. BUT TODAY IT'S MORE LIKE AN ACT OF AGGRESSION—THAT IN A WORLD IN WHICH SITTING UP IS INCREASINGLY SEEN AS OPTIONAL, WEARING A SUIT, MUCH LESS ONE OF THE NEW BREED OF SLIM-CUT DOUBLE-BREASTED SUITS, BRANDS YOU A MAVERICK. THE DE SUIT IS **SMUGGER** INCARNATE.

## STEP 2 Find the right suit

THE BEEF MOST OF US HAVE WITH SUITS IS HOW THEY FEEL. WE WANT TO MAKE THEM BE THE FIRST ONE LOOKING AT US. WE WANT TO PREVENT THE RISK OF OVERSIZING OF KITS, CLOTHES, AND WOOL-SILK. WE WANT TO BE IN THE FIVE-TO-FOUR-TEEN-OUNCE RANGE, WHEN IN THE CITY, IT'S ALL THE BETTER TO BE LIGHT, NOT HEAVY.

—MICHAEL KIMBLE, author of *Suits: The Art of Dressing Well*, and *Suits: The Art of Dressing Well* by Michael

Wardrobe (2010) by Michael Kimble  
Black, white, and  
blue (2010) by  
Michael Kimble  
Black, white, and  
blue (2010) by  
Michael Kimble  
Black, white, and  
blue (2010) by  
Michael Kimble





(clockwise from  
 top left) 1. Suit  
 2. Jacket 3. Shirt  
 4. Tie 5. Pocket  
 6. Cufflinks 7. Shoes  
 8. Other accessories  
 by Kenneth Cole  
 9. Accessories  
 10. Accessories  
 11. Accessories  
 12. Accessories



### STEP 3: Nail the details

THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF CONFIGURATIONS FOR THE BUTTONS ON A DB JACKET, AND FOR OUR MONEY, THE SIX-ON-TWO (L.R., PRETTY MUCH ALL THE SUITS PICTURED HERE) IS THE MOST VERSATILE AND FLATTERING. ALSO, THERE IS A TIME FOR A NOTCH LAPEL IN A MAN'S STYLE ARSENAL, AND THE DB SUIT AIN'T IT. LOOK FOR PEAK LAPELS THAT PROVIDE SOME ANGLES (AND SOME ATTITUDES) TO THE PROCEEDINGS.

Best jacket (\$1,100) by Piacenza, worst shirt (\$100) and tie (\$100) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, silk pocket square (\$60) by Thomas Pink.



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ROBERTO  
 STYLE  
 2011

ROBERTO  
 Go all  
 the way

YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH PLAYING IT SAFE IN THE SPOTLIGHT, BUT THE WHOLE POINT OF THE DO-IT-YOURSELF MOVEMENT IS TO DO WHATEVER THE OPPOSITE OF PLAYING IT SAFE IS. TAKE A LEAP, TRY NEW PATTERNS, COLORS, AND TEXTURES, AND IF SPARKS FLARE, SO BE IT.





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☐ "OKAY, WELL, GREAT MEETING YOU, HEATHER." ☐ "PLEASEEEASE?"



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☐ OBAMA ☐ PLENTY



☐ PAWLENTY ☐ SOME MOREBON

☐ LAND OF THE FREE ☐ HOME OF THE BRAVE

☐ THE AGM-114 HELLSRE IF YOU WANDA DESTROY HIM AND HIS FAMILY AND THE NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS...  
☐ THE A230, YOU KNOW, YOU CAN GET HIM THROUGH RIGHT VISION BY HIMSELF TAKIN' A LEAK INTO A GITCH-DE MUAITEVER

☐ HIM ☐ THE OTHER ONE ☐ THE OTHER OTHER ONE

☐ TOTALLY ☐ YEAM, TOTALLY

☐ PULLS ☐ GUM



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